



What heere wee see is but a Graven face
Onely the shadow of that brittle case
Wherein were treasur'd up those Gems which he
Hath left behind him to Posterity .



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Boanerges and Barnabas:

JUDGMENT } Or, { WINE
and } and
MERCY, } OIL

FOR

Wounded and Afflicted
S O U L S.

In two Parts.

BY

F. Luther

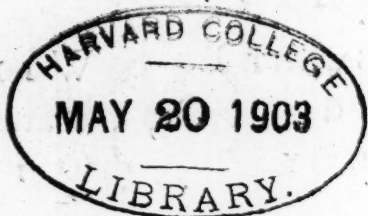
FR A. QUARLES.

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A

Preface to the R E A D E R.



THE great and general decay of Religion in this Nation, as it justly gives occasion of wonder, so it is of concernment great enough to excuse the trouble of enquiring into the true causes of so great a declension of Piety. And besides our own experience it is easily observed out of all the History of the Church, that a long peace and a continual succession of prosperous times leads on to the corruption of the Faith, the decay of Holiness and Charity. The Church of Christ hath seldom been a gainer by a temporal peace; as she grew in Riches and Power, she still went less in Piety and Holiness. Religion as it puts not on such beauties as allure the eye of the world, so it needs not the warmth of Halcyon

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daies to breed in : like some precious gumms, it distills in greatest plenty after storms and violent thunders. And Faith and Holiness have never more flourished, then when the Professors of it have been well exercised by the persecutions of the Adversaries. And however the common enemy of our Salvation doth then act the Lion, worrying the little flock of Christ, *devouring and breaking in pieces and stamping the residue with his feet ;*
7. 7. yet all this mischief is more then abundantly recompensed by those great advantages the Church of God receives by the triumphant sufferings and exemplary patience of the Saints. Insomuch that the mischief he doth in calm and prosperous times is more to be feared, because not so easily discerned and prevented, when by his serpentine subtilty he insinuates into the people of God the leven of spiritual pride, schism,

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schism, contempt or neglect of his Word, with all the evils that wantonness or security bring in their retinue: so that as the blessings of Peace use to make up our thanksgivings, we have now reason to mention them in our penitential threnes and the songs of our sorrow. This cause hath had an universal influence, and corrupted even some of those whose Sacred Office obliged them to maintain the purity and sincerity of Religion either with their doctrine or their blood.

Whence the second cause has its rise; the great remissness both of civil and of sacred Discipline. This made men either transgress the Laws with impunity, or be censured with partiality. For the Ecclesiastick power (with grief I mention it, not as an argument of reproach) was not so strongly bent against prophaneness as duty and necessity did require. To which I may acce

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whose parentage is of the same cause, the lives of many Churchmen bore a greater conformity to the sins they were to reprove, then the virtues and precepts they taught. The world had so high a place in some of their hearts, that themselves soon found little interest in the hearts of the world. And when the Dispensers of Religion fall into contempt, it must be a strong arm, and more then that of flesh, that can bear up Religion it self, and keep that from falling too. As Government in the Church was intended a remedy against Schism, so the corruption of Government let in Schisms and Factions in a full channel.

And that is a third cause of the decay of Piety, *viz.* The Schisms, which have so shaken the fabrick of this Church, that nothing but a hand revealed from heaven can restore it again to its former strength and soundness. An abused zeal hath
had

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had his evil influence upon the doctrines of almost all parties; that they have respectively thought the best way to find a truth, was to stand themselves at the greatest distance they could from their opponents. There were few parts either of Faith or Obedience which were not by some dissenting parties reported as needless superstition or sinful, upon no better ground then this, that the thing could not be good in itself, because it came from an adversary: a ground as vain, as if the *Spaniard* should refuse the Gold with which his Indian fleet comes home laden, because it comes from the *Antipodes* of his Imperial City. By this means Faith and good Works, Prayer and Preaching, Repentance and Evangelical Holiness, Prayer in Forms and *Extempore* have been alternately cried up to one another's prejudice or loss. And the effect hath been as ill as the principle was full

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of error and mistake. And from these disputes, the conclusion hath been made by many, that Religion might be well enough preserved and God sufficiently served without any of these; that what any Faction disputed against was not at all necessary; that the instances of all duty were so clearly in Scripture determined, that no argument could be strong enough to make a tender conscience doubt of the necessity. If these speculations had been confined to the Schools, the mischief had spread no further then the noise of their wranglings: but since they have been the exercise and trouble of the weakest understandings and the most illiterate men, they that held their Religion by the weakest tenure have first quitted the possession. So the publick assemblies have been made to serve the ends of faction, or wholly forsaken, and the hours of prayer have called them too seldom into
their

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their closets; and the Church hath been abandoned by many, because they could not there hear the sweet whispers of peace and comfort for the rude noises of strife and debate.

For the fourth cause; mistaken zeal hath caused many Preachers to intermeddle too busily in their solemn discourses to the people with controversies not only Theological but Political too, with more respect to the interest of their party than that of Religion and the Kingdom of *Jesus*. Thus contention grew, and faction thrived, and charity first left our Pulpits and then our hearts: and while men were taken up with the consideration of mysteries, they neglected plain necessary duties, and fell into the sink of all sin and impiety; like the *Milesian* Philosopher, that with so much intention lift up his eyes to behold the stars, and consider their aspects, that neglecting the care of the way he walked in, he
fell

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fell into a lake, where he ended his life and speculation too. And this evil prevailed the more because,

In the fifth place, there hath been a want of sufficient maintenance in many places of the Land for the support of faithful and able Ministers. Such from their pulpits might have rebuked this foolish spirit that was gone forth, and knew how by their doctrine and more edifying example to preach Obedience and practical Religion, instead of sublime notions and useless mysteries and empty controversies; and would esteem it more honour, and find more comfort in subduing one lust, then to have fathom'd all the depths of such knowledge.

By all which it appears, that the disease is dangerous enough to need a remedy; and that the Reader hath many things beside his private concerns to make the matter of his prayers. The way to exempt himself from

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from the epidemical guilt of these evils is, to contend against them by praier and practice: and that the right use of this book may be of some efficacy to resist the growth of the evil, I have thus much reason to warrant my belief, because it hath already been more then once so well entertain'd abroad. Concerning which I will not weary the Reader, (who hath already, I suspect, too often looked forward to see how far it is to the end of this Address) to discourse to him of the Author, or this work. His own pen has set him forth more, then now to need either Panegyrick or testimonials. And the usefulness of the work I had rather the Reader should understand by his own experience then mine. If he be devout, the title and design will invite his eye and please it too: if not, I have no temptation to adde any more evidences and aggravation to his crime of scoffing Religion and Religious books.

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If it be thought necessary that something may be said to compose the Reader's mind concerning Forms of praier, because *Extemporary* effusions are the only acceptable sacrifice, what use can there be of this Essay? I shall only say this, that the truly pious Reader may make use of this in his meditations, or other devotion, or as a pattern or *Directory* to both. This moreover is manifest, The Word of God is wholly silent in determining whether we should use forms of praier or *extempore*; and in other instances such silence is taken for an argument of indifferency. But however, the gift of praier consists not in a volubility of tongue, and ready command of words, (that hath supernatural, and this only natural causes) but in the true affection and sincerity of the heart: For many graceless persons and mere hypocrites have been observed to excel in readiness of affectionate expression,

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sion, and a great command of Scripture-phrase. But let the pious Christian seriously reflect upon his sins with a true and a growing sorrow, and work his heart into a deep affection of his wants, and a due apprehension of that Majesty to whom he makes his address, (to which end he may receive great assistance from this book;) and he who makes such preparation will want neither the gift nor reward of prayer, whether his prayers be set and composed, or *extempore*. And if I may but feel the best effects of the prayers of this book offered up to heaven with a spirit truly broken and humbled, (if the Christian Reader please to believe I deserve so much charity from him) I shall not be without reward, nor he use this book without benefit.

A short narrative of the Author's Life.



Concerning those we love, we are curious to know all we can. And if the stone be of price, we are not contented the least fragment should perish. Know then that the Author of this Book was a Gentleman of an ancient Family. His Father was *James Quarles* of *Rumford* Esquire, Clerk of the Green-cloth, and Purveyor of the Navy to *Queen Elizabeth*, younger Brother to Sir *Robert Quarles*. After his Education at School in the Countrey and at *Christ's College* in *Cambridge*, and last at *Lincoln's Inn*, he was for some time Cup-bearer to the *Queen* of *Bohemia*, and then Secretary to the Reverend and learned the late *Lord Primate* of *Ireland*: last of all Chronologer to the City of *London*, in which office he died. And the world had known that by a more eminent testimony, if Death had not kept him from finishing what he had designed and begun. He was the Husband of one wife, and by her the Father of eighteen children. As in his Life he had been most religious, so was he in his Death; in both a great Example of Devotion. He died *September 8. 1644.* being two and fifty years old, and lieth buried in the parish-Church of *S. Foster London.*

The

1767
1644



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Judgment

Judgment and Mercy for afflicted Souls.

Part I.

The Sensual man's Solace.



Come, let's be *merry* and rejoice
our souls in *frolick* and in *fresh*
delights: Let's scrue our pam-
per'd hearts a pitch beyond the
reach of dull-brow'd sorrow :

Let's pass the slow-pac'd time in melancholy-
charming *mirth*, and take the advantage of our
youthful daies : Let's banish *cave* to the dead
Sea of Phlegmatick *old age* : Let a *deep sigh*
be *high Treason*, and let a *solemn look* be ad-
judged a *Crime* too great for *Pardon*. My seri-
ous *studies* shall be to draw *mirth* into a body,
to analyse *laughter*, and to paraphrase upon
the various Texts of all *delight*. My *recreations*
shall be to still *Pleasure* into a quintessence,
to reduce *Beauty* to her first principles, and to
extract a perfect *Innocence* from the milk-white
Doves of *Venus*. Why should I spend my pre-
cious minutes in the sullen and dejected shades
of *sadness* ? or ravel out my short-liv'd daies
in solemn and heart-breaking *Care* ? Hours
have Eagles wings, and when their hasty flight
shall put a period to our numbred daies, the
world is gone with us, and all our forgotten
joys are left to be enjoyed by the succeeding
Generations, and we are snatch'd we know not
how,

how, we know not whither, and wrapt in the dark bosome of eternal night. Come then, my soul, be wise, make use of the *time present*: that which is gone is past recalling, lost, and not to be redeemed. Eat thy Bread with a *merry* heart, and gulp down *care* in *frolick* cups of liberal Wine. Beguile the tedious nights with *dalliance*, and steep thy stupid senses in unctions, in delightful *sports*: 'Tis all the portion that this transitory world can give thee. Let Musick, Voices, Masques, midnight Revels, and all that melancholick wisdom censures *vain*, be thy *delights*; and let thy care-abjuring soul *cheer up* and *sweeten* the short daies of thy consuming *youth*. Follow the waies of thy own *heart*, and take the freedom of thy sweet *desires*. Leave no *delight* untried, and spare no cost to heighten up thy *Lusts*. Take *pleasure* in the *choice* of *pleasures*, and please thy curious eyes with all *varieties*, to satisfie thy soul in all things which thy heart *desires*. I but, my soul, when those *evil daies* shall come wherein thy *wasting pleasures* shall present their *Items* to thy *ted-rid view*, when all *diseases* and the *evils of age* shall muster up their Forces in thy crazie bones, where be thy *comforts* then?

His Sentence.

Consider, O my soul, and know that the day will come, and after that another, wherein for all these things

Eccles. 11. 9.

God will bring thee to judgment.

His

His Proofs.

Prov. 14. 13.

Even in laughter the heart is sorrowful, and the end of that mirth is heaviness.

Eccles. 2. 1, 2.

I said in my heart, Go to now, I will prove thee with mirth, and therefore enjoy pleasure: and behold this also is vanity. I said of laughter, It is mad; and of mirth, What doth it?

Jam. 5. 5.

Ye have lived in pleasure on the earth, and been wanton; ye have nourished your hearts as in the day of slaughter.

Eccles. 7. 4.

The heart of the wise man is in the house of mourning: but the heart of fools is in the house of mirth.

Isid. in Synonymis.

Pleasure is an Inclination to the unlawful objects of a corrupted mind, allured with a momentary sweetness.

Hugo.

Sensuality is an immoderate indulgence of the flesh, a sweet poison, a strong plague, a dangerous potion, which effeminates the body, and enervates the soul.

Cass. lib. 4. Ep.

They are most sensible of the burthen of affliction that are most taken with the pleasures of the flesh.

His

His Soliloquie.

WHat hast thou now to say, O my soul, why this *judgment*, seconded with divine *proofs*, back'd with the *harmony* of holy men, should not proceed against thee? Dally no longer with thy own *Salvation*, nor flatter thy own *Corruption*. Remember, the wages of flesh are *sin*, and the wages of sin *Death*. God hath threatned it, whose *judgments* are *terrible*; God hath witnessed it, whose *words* are *truth*. Consider then, my soul, and let not *momentary pleasures* flatter thee into *eternity of torments*. How many that have *trod thy steps* are now roaring in the *flames of Hell*? and yet thou triflest away the time of thy *Repentance*. O my poor deluded soul, *presume* no longer; *Repent to day*, lest *to morrow* come too late. Or couldst thou travel out thy daies beyond *Methusalem*, tell me, alas! what will *Eternity* be the shorter for the deduction of a thousand years? Be wisely provident therefore, O my soul, and bid *vanity*, the common forceress of the world, farewell. Life and death are yet before thee; *Chuse life*, and the God of life will seal thy *choice*. *Prostrate* thy self before him who delights not in the *death of a sinner*, and present thy *Petitions* to him who can deny thee nothing in the name of a *Saviour*.

His Prayer.

O God in the beauty of whose holiness is the *true joy* of those that *love* thee, the *ful happiness* of those that *fear* thee, and the *only rest* of those that *prize* thee, in respect of which the *transitory pleasures* of the world are *less than nothing*, in comparison of which the greatest *wisdom* of the world is *folly*, and the *glory* of the earth but *dross* and *dung*; how dares my boldness thus presume to press into thy glorious presence? What can my prayers expect but thy just *wrath* and heavy *indignation*? O what return can the tainted breath of my polluted lips deserve, but to be bound hand and foot, and cast into the flames of Hell? But, Lord, the *merits* of my Saviour are greater than the *offences* of a sinner, and the sweetness of thy *mercy* exceeds the sharpness of my *misery*. The horror of thy *judgments* hath seized upon me, and I languish through the sense of thy *displeasure*. I have forsaken thee the rest of my distressed soul, and set my affections upon the *vanity* of the deceitful world; I have taken *pleasure* in my *foolishness*, and have vaunted my self in mine *iniquity*; I have flattered my *soul* with the *honey* of *delights*, whereby I am made sensible of the *sting* of my *affliction*: wherefore I loath and utterly abhor my self, and from the bottom of my heart repent in dust and ashes. Behold, O Lord, I am impure and vile, and have wallowed in the puddle of mine

own Corruptions. The Sword of thy displeasure is drawn out against me, and what shall I plead, O thou preserver of mankind? Make me a *new Creature*, O my God, and destroy the *old man* within me. Remove my affections from the love of *transitory things*, that I may run the way of thy *Commandements*. Turn away mine eyes from beholding *vanity*, and make thy *Testimonies* my whole *delight*. Give me strength to discern the *emptiness* of the *creature*, and inebriate my heart with the *fulness* of thy *Joys*. Be thou my portion, O God, at whose right hand stand pleasures for evermore. Be thou my refuge and my shield, and suffer me not to sink under the *corruptions* of my heart. Let not the house of *mirth* beguile me, but give me a sense of the *evil* to come. Accept the free-will-offerings of my mouth, and grant my petitions for the honour of thy Name. Then will I magnifie thy mercies, O God, and praise thy Name for ever and ever.

S. Bernard.

Delicate and tender members become not a head stuck with thorns.

Anonym.

The pleasure of sin vanishes, the guilt remains and the punishment is eternal.

The Vain-glorious mans Vaunt.

Hat tell'st thou me of *Conscience* or a *pious* life? They are good *trades* for a *leaden* spirit, that can stand *bent* to every *frown*, and wants the *brains* to make a *higher Fortune*, or *courage* to atchieve that *honour* which might *glorifie* their names, and write their *memories* in the *Chronicles* of *Fame*. 'Tis true, *Humility* is a *needful* gift in those that have no *Quality* to exercise their *pride*; and *Patience* is a *necessary* *Grace* to keep the world in *peace*, and him that hath it in a *whole skin*, and often proves a *vertue* born of a *meer necessity*. And civil *Honesty* is a *fair pretense* for him that hath no wit to act the *Knave*, and makes a man capable of a little higher style than *Fool*. And blushing *Modesty* is a pretty *innocent quality*, and serves to vindicate an easie nature from the imputation of all *ill-breeding*. These are *inferiour Graces*, that have not got a *good opinion* in the *dull wisdom* of the world, and appear like water among the *Elements*, to moderate the *body Politick*, and keep it from *combustion*; nor do they come into the *work* of *honour*. *Vertue* consists in *action*, and the *reward* of *Action* is *Glory*. *Glory* is the *great soul* of the *little world*, and is the *Crown* of all *sublime attempts*, and the *point* whereto the *crooked wates* of *policy* are all *concentrick*. *Honour* consists not with a *pious* life.

life. Let those that are *ambitious* of a *religious reputation* abjure all *honourable Titles*, and let their *dough-bak'd* spirits take a pride in *sufferance* (the Anvile of all injuries) and be thankfully baffled into a quiet pilgrimage. Rapes, murders, treasons, dispossessions, riots are venial things to *men of honour*, and oft co-incident in high pursuits. Had my *still Conscience* stood upon such nice points, that little *honour* I have wone had glorified some other arme, and left me *begging Morsels* at his Princely gates. Come, come, my soul, *Id factum juvat, quod fieri non licet*. Fear not to doe what *crowns* thee being done. Ride on with thy *honour*, and create a *name* to live with fair *Eternity*. Enjoy thy purchas'd *Glory* as the *merit* of thy *renowned Actions*, and let thy memory entail it to succeeding generations. Make thy own game: and if thy *Conscience* *check* thee, *correct* thy *sawcy Conscience*, till she stand as mute as metamorphos'd *Niobe*. Fear not the *frowns* of *Princes*, or the *impetuous hand* of various *Fortune*: Thou art too *bright* for the one to *obscure*, and too *great* for the other to cry down.

His Verdict.

But hark, my soul, I hear a voice that thunders in mine ear.

Hos. 4. 7.

I will change their glory into shame.

His Proofs.

Psal. 49. 20.

MA N that is born in honour and understandeth not, is like the beasts that perish.

Prov. 25. 27.

It is not good to eat too much Honey : so for men to search their own glory is not glory.

Jer. 9. 23.

Thus saith the Lord, Let not the wise man glory in his wisdom, neither let the mighty man glory in his might, nor let the rich man glory in his riches : but let him that glorieth glory in this, that he understandeth and knoweth me, that I am the Lord.

Gal. 5. 26.

Let us not be desirous of vain-glory, &c.

S. August.

The vain-glory of the world is a deceitful sweetness, an unfruitful labour, a perpetual fear, a dangerous bravery, begun without providence, and finished not without repentance.

Chrysost.

If thou desirest to be magnified and accounted honourable, despise honour, so shalt thou be honour'd even of all.

S. Greg.

He that makes transitory honour the reward of a good work, sets eternal glory at a low rate.

His Soliloquie.

V*Ain-glory* is a *Froth*, which blown off discovers a great want of measure. Canst thou, O my soul, be guilty of such an *emptiness*, and not be challeng'd? Canst thou appear in the searching eye of heaven, and not expect to be cast away? Deceive not thy self, O my soul, nor flatter thy self with thine own greatness. Search thy self to the bottome, and thou shalt find enough to *humble* thee. Dost thou glory in the favour of a Prince? The *frowns* of a Prince determine it. Dost thou glory in thy *strength*? A poor *Ague* betraies it. Dost thou glory in thy *wealth*? The hand of a *thief* extinguishes it. Behold, my soul, how like a *Bubble* thou appearest, and with a *Sigh* break into sorrow. The *gate* of heaven is *streight*; canst thou hope to enter without *breaking*? The *Bubble* that would pass the *Floud-gates* must first *dissolve*. My soul, melt then in *tears*, and empty thy self of all thy *vanity*, and thou shalt find divine *Repletion*; evaporate in thy *Devotion*, and thou shalt recruit thy greatness to eternal *Glory*.

Anonym.

*Remember, O man, from whence thou wert taken,
and that thou art brother to the dung-hill.*

His

His Praier.

AND can I chuse, O God, but tremble at thy *Judgments*? Or can my stony heart not stand amazed at thy *Threatnings*? It is thy voice, O God, and thou hast spoken it: It is thy voice, O God, and I have heard it. Hadst thou so dealt by me as thou didst by *Babel's* proud King, and driven me from the sons of men, thou hadst but done according to thy righteousness, and rewarded me according to my deservings. What couldst thou see in me less worthy of thy vengeance, then in him the example of thy justice? or, Lord, wherein am I more incapable of thy indignation? There is nothing in me to move thy *mercy* but my *miser*y. Thy *goodness* is thy self, and hath no ground but what proceedeth from it self: yet have I sinned against that *goodness*, and have thereby heaped up wrath against the day of wrath; insomuch that, had not thy grace abounded with my sin, I had long since been confounded in my sin, and swallowed up in the Gulf of thy displeasure. But, Lord, thou takest no delight to punish, and with thee is no respect of persons: Thou takest no pleasure in the *confusion* of thy creature, but rejoycest rather in the *conversion* of a sinner. Convert me therefore, O God, I shall be then converted: Make me sensible of my own corruptions, that I may see the vileness of my own condition. Pull down the *pride* of my ambitious

ones heart; *humble* me, thou O God, and I shall be humbled; weane me from the thirst of *transitory* honour, and let my whole delight be to *glory* in thee. Touch thou my *conscience* with the fear of thy name, that in all my actions I may fear to offend thee. Endue me, O Lord, with the spirit of *meekness*, and teach me to overcome evil with a patient heart: *moderate* and curb the exorbitances of my passion, and give me a *temperate* use of all thy creatures. Replenish my heart with the Graces of thy spirit, that in all my ways I may be acceptable in thy sight. In all conditions give me a *contented* mind, and upon all occasions grant me a grateful heart; that *honouring* thee here in the Church Militant before men, I may be *glorified* hereafter in the Church Triumphant before thee and Angels; where filled with *true glory* according to the measure of Grace thou shalt be pleased to give me here, I may with Angels and Arch-angels praise thy Name for ever and ever hereafter.

S. Chrysoft.

They who have despised all the tentations of riches, and have defiled themselves with no worldly imagination; and have nobly resisted the strong impulses of concupiscence, oftentimes being overcome with vain-glory have lost all.

The

The Oppressors Plea.

I Seek but whats my own by *Law*;
It was his own free *Act* and *Deed*:
The execution lies for *goods* or
body, and *goods* or *body* I will
have, or else my *money*. What
if his beggerly *children* pine, or his proud *wife*
perish? They perish at their own charge, not
mine; and what is that to me? I must be *paid*,
or he *lie* by it until I have my *utmost farthing*,
or his *bones*. The *Law* is just and good, and
being ruled by that, how can my fair procee-
dings be *unjust*? What's *thirty* in the *hun-*
dred to a man of *Trade*? Are we born to
thrum *Caps* or pick *straws*? and sell our *live-*
lihood for a few *tears*, and a whining face? I
thank God they move me not so much as a *how-*
ling dog at midnight. I'll *give* no *day* if *hea-*
ven it self would be *security*: I must have *pre-*
sent money, or his *bones*. The *Commodity* was
good enough, as *wares* went then; and had he
had but a thriving wit, with the necessary help
of a *good merchandable conscience*, he might
have gained *perchance* as much as now he lost;
but *howsoever*, *gain* or *not gain*, I must have
my *money*. Two tedious *terms* my dearest
gold hath lain in his unprofitable hands. The
cost of *Suits* hath made me bleed above a
score of *Royals*, besides my *Interest*, *travel*,
half-pints and *bribes*; all which does but in-
crease my beggerly defendants damages, and

sets him deeper on my score : but right's right, and I will have my *money* or his *bones*. Fifteen shillings in the pound composition ? I'll hang first. Come, tell not me of a *good conscience* : a good conscience is no parcel of my trade ; it hath made more *Bankrupts* then all the loose wives in the universal City. My conscience is no fool : It tells me that my own's my own, and that a well-cramm'd *bagge* is no deceitful friend, but will stick close to me when all my *friends* forsake me. If to gain a good *estate* out of nothing, and to regain a desperate debt which is as good as nothing, be the fruits and sign of a *bad conscience*, God help the *good*. Come, tell not me of griping and *Oppression*. The world is hard, and he that hopes to thrive must gripe as hard. What I give I give, and what I lend I lend. If the way to heaven be to turn *begger* upon earth, let them take it that like it. I know not what you call *Oppression* ; the *Law* is my direction : but of the two it is more profitable to oppress then to be oppressed. If debtors would be honest and discharge, our hands were bound ; but when their failing offends my *baggs*, they touch the *Apple* of my eye, and I must right them.

But ha ! what voice is this that whispers in mine ear ?

His Punishment.

The Lord will spoile the soul of the Oppressors.

Prov. 22. 23.

His

His Proofs.

Prov. 22. 22, 23.

ROB not the poor because he is poor, neither oppress the afflicted in the gates: For the Lord will plead their cause, and spoil the soul of them that have spoiled him.

Ezek. 22. 29, 31.

The people of the land have used oppression, and exercised Robbery, and have vexed the poor and needy; yea they have oppressed the stranger wrongfully: Therefore I have poured out my indignation upon them, I have consumed them with the fire of my wrath.

Zach. 7. 9, &c.

Execute true judgment, and shew mercy and compassion every man to his brother, and oppress not the widow nor the fatherless, nor the stranger nor the poor, and let none of you imagine evil in your hearts against his brother. But they refused to hearken; therefore came a great wrath from the Lord of Hosts.

Bern. p. 1691.

We ought so to care for our selves, as not to neglect the due regard of our neighbour.

Bern. Ibid.

He that is not merciful to another shall not find mercy from God: but if thou wilt be merciful and compassionate, thou shalt be a benefactor to thy own soul.

His Soliloquie.

[Sit wisdom in thee, O my soul, to covet a *happiness*, or rather to account it so, that is sought for with a *judgment*, obtained with a *curse*, and punished with *damnation*; and to neglect that *good* which is assured with a *promise*, purchased with a *bleſſing*, and rewarded with a *Crown* of Glory? Canst thou hold it a *full estate*, a *good pennyworth*, which is bought with the dear price of thy God's *displeasure*? Tell me, What continuance can that *Inheritance* promise that is raised upon the *ruines* of thy Brother? Or what *mercy* canst thou expect from heaven, that hast denied all *mercy* to thy *Neighbour*? O my hard-hearted soul, consider, and relent: Build not an house whose posts are subject to be rotted with a *curse*: Consider what the God of truth hath threatned against thy *cruelty*: Relent and turn *compassionate*, that thou maist be capable of his *compassion*. If the *desire* of *Gold* hath hardned thy heart, let the *tears* of true *Repentance* mollifie it: soften it with *Aarons oyntment*, untill it become like *Wax*, to take the impression of that *seal* which must confirm thy *Pardon*.

Prov. 5. 15.

Drink waters out of thine own Cistern.

His Prayer.

But will my God be now entreated? Is not my crying sin too loud for Pardon? Am I not sunk too deep into the Jaws of Hell, for thy strong arme to rescue? Hath not the *hardness* of my *heart* made me incapable of thy compassion? O if my tears might wash away my sinne, my head should turn a living Spring. Lord, I have heard thee speak, and am afraid; the word is past, and thy judgments have found me out. Fearfulness and trembling are come upon me, and the Jaws of Hell have overwhelmed me. I have *oppressed the poor*, and added *affliction* to the *afflicted*, and the voice of their misery is come before thee. They besought me with tears, and in the anguish of their souls, but I have stopt mine ears against the cry of their complaint. But, Lord, thou walkest not the ways of man, and remembrest mercy in the midst of thy wrath; for thou art good and gracious, and ready to forgive, and plenteous in compassion to all that shall call upon thee. Forgive me, O God, my sins that are past, and deliver me from the guilt of my *Oppression*. Take from me, O God, this heart of stone, and create in me a heart of flesh. *Aswage* the vehemency of my desires to the things below, and satisfy my soul with the sufficiency of thy Grace. Inflammé my affections, that I may love thee with a filial love; and encline me to rely upon thy fatherly providence.

Let

Let me account *godliness* my greatest *gain*, and subdue in me my *lusts* after filthy *lucre*. Preserve me, O Lord, from the vanity of *self-love*, and plant in my affections the true *love* of my *neighbours*. Endue my heart with the bowels of *compassion*, and then reward me according to thy righteousness. Direct me, O God, in the waies of my life, and let a good Conscience be my continual comfort. Give me a willing heart to make *restitution* of what I have wrongfully gotten by *oppression*. Grant me a lawful use of all thy Creatures, and a thankful heart for all thy benefits. Be merciful to all those that groan under the burthen of their own wants, and give them patience to expect thy deliverance. Give me a heart that may acknowledge thy favours, and fill my tongue with praise and thanksgiving: that living here a new life, I may become a new creature; and being ingrafted in thee by the power of thy grace, I may bring forth fruit to thy honour and glory.

S. Chrysoft.

God is not honoured in the expence of that money which is bedewed with the tears of the Oppressed.

Sol.

He that oppresseth the poor upbraideth his maker.

The

The Drunkard's Jubilee.

What Complement will the severer world allow to the *vacant hours* of frolick-hearted youth? How shall their *free*, their *joyial spirits* entertain their *time*, their *friends*? What Oyle shall be infused into the Lamp of dear *society*, if they deny the privilege of a civil rejoycing *Cup*? It is the *life*, the *radical humor* of *united souls*: whose love-digestive heat even ripens and ferments the green materials of a plighted faith; without the help whereof *new married friendship* falls into *divorce*, and joyn'd acquaintance soon resolves into the first Elements of *strangeness*. What mean these strict *Reformers* thus to spend their hour-glasses, and bawle against our harmless *cups*? to call our meetings *Riots*, and brand our civil mirth with stiles of loose *Intemperance*? when they can sit at a *Sisters Feast*, devour and gormondize beyond excess, and wipe the guilt from off their marrowed mouths, and cloath their surfeits in the long fustian Robes of a *teditious Grace*. Is it not much better in a fair friendly *Round* (since youth must have a swing) to steep our soul-afflicting sorrows in a chirping *Cup*, then hazard our estates upon the abuse of providence in a foolish cast at *Dice*? or at a *Cock-pit* leave our doubtful fortunes to the mercy of unmercifull contention? or spend our wanton daies in sacrificing costly presents

to a *fleshy Idol*? Was not *Wine* given to exhilarate the *drooping hearts* and raise the drowzie spirits of *dejected souls*? Is not the liberal *Cup* of the *Sucking-bottle* of the sons of *Phæbus*, to solace and refresh their palates in the nights of sad *Invention*? Let dry-brain'd *Zelots* spend their idle breaths; my *cups* shall be my *cordials* to restore my *care-beseebled heart* to the true *Temper* of a well-complexion'd *mirth*. My solid *Brains* are potent, and can bear enough, without the least offence to my distempered *Senses*, or interruption of my boon companions. My *tongue* can in the very *Zenith* of my *Cups* deliver the expressions of my composed thoughts with better sense than these my grave *Reformers* can their best advised prayers. My *Constitution* is pot-proof, and strong enough to make a fierce encounter with the most stupendious vessel that ever sailed upon the tides of *Bacchus*. My *Reason* shrinks not; my *Passion* burns not.

O but, my soul, I hear a threatening voice that interrupts my language.

Isay 5. 22.

Woe be to them that are mighty to drink Wine.

His

His Proofs.

Prov. 20. 1.

*W*ine is a mocker; strong drink is raging:
and whosoever is deceived thereby is not
wise.

Esay 5. 11.

*W*oe be to them that rise up early in the mor-
ning to follow strong drink; that continue till
night, untill wine inflame them.

Prov. 23. 20.

*B*e not amongst wine-bibbers.

1 Cor. 5. 11.

*N*ow I have written unto you, not to keep com-
pany; if any that is called a brother be a
drunkard, with such a one no not to eat.

Aug. in lib. Poen.

*W*hilst the drunkard swallows wine, wine
swallows him; God disregards him; Angels
despise him; Men deride him; Vertue declines
him, the Devil destroys him.

Aug. ad sac. virg.

*D*runkennes is the mother of all evil, the matter
of all mischief, the well-spring of all vices, the
trouble of the senses, the tempest of the tongue,
the shipwreck of chastity, the consumption of
time, a voluntary madness, the corruption
of manners, the distemper of the body, and the
destruction of the soul.

His

His Soliloquie.

MY soul, it is the voice of God, digested into a judgment. There is no kicking against *Pricks*, or arguing against a divine *Truth*. Pleadest thou *Custom*? Custom in *sin* multiplies it. Pleadest thou *society*? Society in the *offence* aggravates the punishment. Pleadest thou *help to Invention*? Woe be to that *barrenness* that wants such *showers*. Pleadest thou *strength* to bear much Wine? *Woe to those that are mighty to drink strong drink*. My soul, thou hast sinned against thy *Creator*, in abusing that *creature* he made to serve thee; Thou hast sinned against the *creature*, in turning it to the *Creator's* dishonour; Thou hast sinned against *thy self*, in making thy *comfort* thy *confusion*. How many want that *blessing* thou hast turn'd into a *curse*? How many *thirst* whilst thou *surfeitest*? What *satisfaction* wilt thou give to the *Creator*, to the *creature*, to *thy self*, against all whom thou hast transgressed? To *thy self*, by a *sober life*; to the *creature*, by a *right use*; to thy *Creator*, by a true *Repentance*: the way to all which is *Praiser* and *Thanksgiving*.

His

His Prayer.

HOW truly then, O God, this heavie woe belongs to this my boasted sin? How many judgments are comprised and abstracted in this woe, and all for me, even me. O God, the miserable subject of thy eternal wrath; even me, O Lord, the mark whereat the shafts of thy displeasure level? Lord, I was a sinner in my first conception, and in sin hath my mother brought me forth: I was no sooner, but I was a slave to sin; and all my life is nothing but the practise and trade of high Rebellion. I have turn'd thy blessings into thy dishonour, and all thy graces into wantonness. Yet hast thou been my God even from the very womb, and didst sustain me when I hung upon my mothers breast. Thou hast washed me, O Lord, from my pollution; but like a Swine I have returned to my mire. Thou hast glaunced into my breast the blessed motions of thy holy Spirit, but I have quenched them with the spring-tides of my in-born corruption. I have vomited up my filthiness before thee, and like a dog have I returned to my vomit. Be merciful, O God, unto me: Have mercy on me, O thou Son of *David*. I cannot, O Lord, expect the childrens bread; yet suffer me to lick the crums that fall beneath their table. I that have so oft abused the greatest of thy blessings, am not worthy of the meanest of thy favours. Look, look upon me according to the goodness of thy mercy,

mercy, and not according to the greatness of my offences. Give me, O God, a *sober* heart, and a lawful *moderation* in the enjoyment of thy Creatures. Reclaim my appetite from unseasonable delights, lest I turn thy blessings into a curse. In all my dejection be thou my comfort, and let my rejoycing be onely in thee. Propose to mine eyes the evilness of my days, and make me careful to redeem my time. Wean me from the pleasure of vain *society*, and let my *Companions* be such as fear thee. Forgive all such as have been partners in my sinne, and turn their hearts to the obedience of thy Laws. Open their ears to the reproofs of the wise, and make them powerfull in reformation. Allay that lust which my *intemperance* hath inflam'd, and cleanse my affections with the grace of thy good spirit. Make me thankfull for the strength of my body, that I may for the time to come return it to the advantage of thy glory.

S. August.

It is most shamefull, that lust should subdue him whom the strength of man cannot: that he should be overcome with wine, that sterno to stoop to anothers sword.

Ecclus 31. 25.

Shew not thy valiantnes in wine, for wine hath destroyed many.

The Swearers Apology.

Will Boanerges never cease? And will these Plague-denouncers never leave to thunder judgments in my trembling ear? Nothing but plagues? nothing but judgments? nothing but damnation?

What have I done to make my case desperate? And what have they not done to make my soul despair? Have I set up false Gods like the Egyptians? Or have I bowed before them like the Israelites? Have I violated the Sabbath like the Libertines? Or, like cursed Cham, have I discovered my fathers nakedness? Have I embred my hands in blood like Barabbas? Or like Absolon defiled my fathers Bed? Have I like Jacob supplanted my elder brother? Or like Ahab intruded into Naboths Vineyard? Have I born false witness like the wanton Elders? Or like David coveted Uriahs wife? Have I not given Tiths of all I have? Or hath my purse been hidebound to my hungry brother? Hath not my life been blameless before men? and my demeanour unreprouable before the world? Have I not hated Vice with a perfect hatred? and countenanc'd vertue with a due respect? What mean these strict observers of my life, to ransack every action, to carp at every word, and with their sharp censorious tongues to sentence every frailty with damnation? Is there no allowance to humanity?

humanity? No *Grains* to flesh and blood? Are we all *Angels*? Has mortality no privilege to supersede it from the utmost punishment of a little necessary frailty? Come, come, my soul, let not these judgment-thunders fright thee: Let not these *Qualmes* of their exuberant *Zeal* disturb thee. Thou hast not cursed like *Shimei*, nor rail'd like *Rabshakeb*, nor lied like *Ananias*, nor slander'd like thy accusers. They that censure thy *Gnats* swallowed their own *Camels*. What if the luxuriant style of thy discourse do chance to strike upon an obvious *Oath*? art thou straight hurried into the bosome of a *Plague*? What if the custom of a harmless *Oath* should captivate thy heedless tongue? can nothing under sudden judgment seize upon thee? What if anothers diffidence should force thy earnest lips into a hasty *Oath*, in confirmation of a suffering truth? must thou be straightwaies branded with damnation? Was *Joseph* mark'd for everlasting death, for swearing by the life of *Egypt's King*? Was *Peter* when he so denied his Master, straight damn'd for swearing, and forswearing? O flatter not thyself, my soul, nor turn thou *Advocate* to so high a sin: Make not the slips of Saints a precedent for thee to fall.

His Arraignment.

If the *Rebukes* of flesh may not prevail, hear then the threatening of the Spirit, which saith, *The Plague shall not depart from the house of the Swearer.*

His Proofs.

Exod. 20. 7.

THou shalt not take the Name of the Lord thy God in vain; for the Lord will not hold him guiltless that taketh his Name in vain.

Zach. 5. 3.

And every one that sweareth shall be cut off.

Matth. 5. 34, &c.

Swear not at all: neither by Heaven, for it is God's Throne; nor by Earth, for it is his footstool: But let your communication be Yea, yea, Nay, nay; for whatsoever is more than these cometh of evil.

Jer. 23. 10.

Because of swearing the Land mourneth.

August. in Ser.

The murdereth the body of his brother; but the swearer murders his own soul.

August. in Psal. 88.

It's well that God hath forbidden man to swear, lest by custome of swearing (inasmuch as we are apt to mistake) we commit perjury: there's none but God can safely swear, because there's no other but may be deceived.

August. de Mendacio.

I say unto you, Swear not at all; lest by swearing ye come to a facility of swearing, from a facility to a custome, and from a custome ye fall into perjury.

His

His Soliloquie.

O What a *judgment* is here ! How terrible !
How full of execution ! The *Plague* ? the
extract of all diseases ! none so mortal, none
so comfortless ! it makes our house a *Prison*,
our friends *strangers*. No *comfort* but in the
expectation of the *months* end. I, but this
judgment excludes that comfort too ; The
Plague shall never depart from the house of the
swearer. What never ? *Death* will give it a
Period. No, but it shall be entail'd upon his
house, his *family*. O detestable ! O destructive
sin ! that leaves a *Cross* upon the doors of
Generations, and lays whole *families* upon the
dust. A sin whereto neither *Profit* incites,
nor *Pleasure* allures, nor *Necessity* compels,
nor *Inclination* of nature perswades ; a meer
voluntary, begun with a *malignant* imitation,
and continued with an *habitual* presumption.
Consider, O my soul, every *Oath* hath been a
naile to wound that *Saviour* whose *bloud* (O
mercy above expression !) must save thee : Be
sensible of thy *Actions* and his *sufferings* : Ab-
horre thy self in *dust* and *ashes*, and magnifie
his mercy that hath turn'd this judgment from
thee. Go, wash those wounds which thou hast
made with tears, and humble thy self with
Praier and true *Repentance*.

His Prayer.

ETernal and omnipotent God, before whose glorious name Angels and Archangels bow and hide their faces, to which the blessed Spirits and Saints of thy triumphant Church sing forth perpetual *Hallelujahs*; I, a poor Sprig of disobedient *Adam*, doe here make bold to take that holy Name into my sin-polluted lips. I have hainously sinned, O God, against thee, and against it; I have disparaged it in my thoughts, dishonoured it in my words, profaned it in my actions; and I know thou art a jealous God, and a consuming fire, as faithful in thy promises, so fearful in thy judgments. I therefore fly from the dreadful name of *Jehovah*, which I have abused, to that gracious name of *Jesus*, wherein thou art well pleased: in that most sacred Name, O God, I fall before thee, and for his beloved sake, O Lord, I come unto thee. Cleanse thou my *heart*, O God, and then my *tongue* shall praise thee: wash thou my *soul*, O Lord, and then my *lips* shall bless thee. Work in my heart a fear of thy displeasure, and give me an awful reverence of thy *Name*. Set thou a watch before my *lips*, that I offend not with my *tongue*. Let no respects entice me to be an instrument of thy *dishonour*, and let thy *attributes* be precious in my eyes: teach me the way of thy *Precepts*, O Lord, and make me sensible of all my offences. Let not my sinfull *custom* in
sinning

sinning against thy Name take from my guilty soul the *sense* of my sin. Give me respect unto all thy Commandments; but especially preserve me from the danger of this my bosome sin. Mollifie my heart at the rebukes of thy servants, and strike into my inward parts a fear of thy judgments. Let all my communication be order'd as in thy presence, and let the words of my mouth be governed by thy Spirit. Avert those judgments from me which thy Word hath threatned, and my sin hath deserved, and strengthen my resolution for the time to come. Work in me a true godly sorrow, that it may bring forth in me a newness of life. Sanctifie my thoughts with the continual meditation of thy Commandments, and mortifie those passions which provoke me to offend thee. Let not the *examples* of others induce me to this sin, nor let the frailties of my flesh seek Fig-leaves to cover it. Seal in my heart the full assurance of thy Reconciliation, and look upon me in the bowels of compassion; that crowning my weak desires with thy All-sufficient power, I may escape this judgment which thy justice hath threatned here, and obtain that *happines*s thy mercy hath promised hereafter.

S. Chrysoft.

There is none that useth to swear often, but will sometimes chance to forswear: as he that gives the reins to his tongue too much, often speaks that which he blushes for in silence.

The Procrastinator's Remora's.

Tell me no more of *Fasting*, *Praier*, and *Death*: They fill my thoughts with *dumps* of *Melancholy*. These are no *subjects* for a *youthful* ear; no *contemplations* for an *active* soul. Let them whom *ful- len Age* hath weaned from *aiery pleasures*, whom *waiward fortune* hath condemned to *sighs* and *groans*, whom *sad diseases* have be- *slaved* to *drugs* and *diets*, let them consume the remnant of their wretched daies in dull *devotion*: Let them afflict their aking souls with the untunable discourses of *mortality*; let them contemplate on *evil daies*, and read sharp *Lectures* of their own experience. For me, my bones are full of unctuous *marrow*, and my bloud of sprightly *Youth*. My fair and free estate secures from the fears of fortune's *frown*. My *strength of constitution* hath the power to grapple with sorrow, sickness, nay the very pangs of death, and overcome. 'Tis true, God must be *sought*: What impious tongue dare be so basely bold to contradict so *known a Truth*? And by *Repentance* too: What strange impiety dare *deny* it? or what presumptuous lips dare *disavow* it? But there is a *time* for all things, yet none prefixt for this, no *day designed*; but, *At what time soever*. If my *unseasonable heart* should seek him now, the work would be too serious for so *green a seeker*. My thoughts are

yet unsettled, my *fancy* yet too-too gamesome, my *judgment* yet unsound, my *will* unsanctified. To seek him with an *unprepared* heart is the high way *not to find* him; or to find him with unsettled resolution is the next way to *lose* him; and indeed it wants but little of *prophaneness*, to be *unseasonably religious*. What is once to be done, is long to be deliberated. Let the *boiling pleasures* of the rebellious flesh evaporate a little, and let me drain my boggy soul from those corrupted inbred *humours* of collapsed nature: and when the tender *blossome* of my *youthful vanity* shall begin to *fade*, my settled *understanding* will begin to *knot*, my solid *judgment* will begin to *ripen*, my rightly-guided *will* be *resolved*, both what to *seek*, and when to *find*, and how to *prize*: till then my tender *youth*, in her pursuit, will be disturb'd with every *blast* of honour, diverted with every flash of pleasure, misled by *counsel*, turned back with *fear*, puzzl'd with *doubt*, interrupted by *passion*, withdrawn with *prosperity*, and discourag'd with *adversity*.

His Repulse.

Take heed, my soul: when thou hast lost thyself in thy journey, how wilt thou find thy God at thy journey's end? whom thou hast lost by too long *delay*, thou wilt hardly find with too late a *diligence*. Take time while time shall serve: that day may come wherein,

Hos. 5: 6.
Thou shalt seek the Lord, but shalt not find him

His Proofs.

Esay 55. 6.

Seek the Lord while he may be found; call upon him while he is near.

Heb. 12. 17.

He found no place for repentance, though he sought it with tears carefully.

Luke 12. 20.

Thou fool, this night thy soul shall be required of thee.

Revel. 2. 21.

I gave her a space to repent, but she repented not: Behold therefore I will cast her, &c.

Greg. lib. Mor.

Seek God whilst thou canst not see him; for when thou seeest him thou canst not find him: seek him by hope, and thou shalt find him by faith. In the day of grace he is invisible, but near; in the day of judgment he is visible, but far off.

Bern. Ser. 24.

We would not seek God in vain, let us seek him in truth, often and constantly: Let us not seek another thing in stead of him, nor any other thing with him, nor for any other thing leave him.

His Soliloquie.

O My soul, thou hast sought *wealth*, and hast either not found it, or *cares* with it : Thou hast sought for *pleasure*, and hast found it, but no *comfort* in it : Thou soughtest *honour*, and hast found it, and perchance *fallen* with it : Thou soughtest *friendship*, and hast found it *false* ; *society*, and hast found it *vain*. And yet thy *God*, the fountain of all wealth, pleasure, honour, friendship and society, thou hast slighted as a toy not worth the finding. Be wise, my soul, and blush at thy own *folly*. Set thy desires on the right *object*. Seek *wisdom*, and thou shalt find knowledge, and wealth, and honour, and length of daies. Seek *heaven*, and *earth* shall seek thee ; and defer not thy *Inquest*, lest thou lose thy *opportunity*. To day thou maist find him whom to morrow thou maist seek with tears, and miss. Yesterday is too late, to morrow is uncertain, to day is only *thine*. I but, my soul, I fear me too long delay hath made *this day too late*. Fear not, my soul : he that has given thee his *Grace to day* will forget thy neglect of *yesterday* : seek him therefore by true *repentance*, and thou shalt find him in thy *Praise*.

His Praier.

O God, that like thy precious Word art *bid* to none but who are *lost*, and yet art *found* by all that seek thee with an upright heart, cast down thy gracious eye upon a lost sheep of *israel*, strayed through the vanity of his unbridled youth, and wandred in the wilderness of his own invention. Lord, I have too much delighted in mine own waies, and have *put* the *evil day* too far from me. I have wallowed in the *pleasures* of this deceitful world, which perish in the using, and have *neglected* thee my God, at whose right hand are *pleasures* for evermore. I have drawn on *iniquity* as with *Cart-ropes*, and have committed *evil* with *greediness*. I have *quencht* the motions of thy good *spirit*, and have *delayed* to seek thee by true and unfeigned *repentance*. In stead of seeking thee whom I have lost, I have withdrawn my self from thy presence when thou hast *sought* me. It were but *justice* therefore in thee to stop thine ears at my petitions, or turn my Praiers as sin into my bosome. But, Lord, thou art a gracious God, and full of pitty and unwearied compassion, and thy loving-kindness is from generation to generation. Lord, in not *seeking* thee I have utterly *lost* my self, and if thou *find* me not I am *lost* forever; and if thou *find* me, thou canst not but find me in my *sins*, and then thou *findest* me to my own *destruction*. How miserable, O Lord, is

my condition ! How necessary is my confusion that have neglected to *seek* thee, and therefore am afraid to be found of thee ! But, Lord, if thou look upon the all-sufficient *merits* of thy Son, thy *justice* will be no loser in shewing mercy upon a sinner : In his *name* therefore I present my self before thee ; in his *merits* I make my humble approach unto thee : in his *name* I offer up my feeble Prayers ; for his *merits* grant me my petitions. Call not to mind the *rebellions* of my flesh, and remember not, O God, the vanities of my youth : In flame my *heart* with the *love* of thy presence, and relish my meditations with the *pleasure* of thy sweetness. Let not the consideration of thy *justice* overwhelm me in *despair*, nor the meditation of thy mercy persuade me to presume. Sanctify my *will* by the wisdom of thy Spirit, that I may *desire* thee as the chiefest good. Quicken my *desires* with a fervent zeal, that I may *seek* my Creator in the daies of my youth. Teach me to *seek* thee according to thy *will*, and then be found according to thy *promise* ; that living in me here by thy *grace*, I may hereafter reign with thee in *glory*.

Greg.

God that hath promised pardon to the penitent, hath not promised the respite of to morrow to the impenitent sinner.

Th

The Hypocrite's Prevarication.

Here is no such stuff to make a cloak on as Religion; nothing so fashionable, nothing so profitable: it is a *Livery* wherein a wise man may serve two masters, God and the world, and make a gainful service by either. I serve both, and in both my self, in prevaricating with both. Before man none serves his God with more severe devotion, for which among the best of men I work my own ends and serve my self. In private I serve the world, not with so strict devotion, but with more delight, where fulfilling of her servants lusts I work my end and serve my self. The house of *Praier* who more frequents then I? In all *Christian duties* who more forward then I? I fast with those that fast, that I may eat with those that eat: I mourn with those that mourn. No hand more open to the cause then mine, and in their families none praies longer and with louder zeal. Thus when the opinion of a holy life hath cried the goodness of my Conscience up, my trade can lack no custome, my wares can want no price, my words can need no credit, my actions can lack no praise. If I am covetous, it is interpreted providence; if miserable, it is counted temperance; if melancholy, it is construed godly sorrow; if merry, it is voted spiritual joy: if I be rich, 'tis thought the blessing of a godly life; if poor.

C 4

supposed.

supposed the fruit of *con/cionable dealing*: if I be *well spoken of*, it is the merit of *holy conversation*; if *ill*, it is the *malice* of *Malignants*. Thus I sail with every wind, and have my end in all conditions. This *cloak* in *Summer* keeps me cool, in *Winter* warm, and hides my nasty Bag of all my *secret lusts*. Under this Cloak I walk in *publick* fairly with *applause*, and in *private* sin *securely* without *offence*, and officiate *wisely* without *discovery*. I compass Sea and Land to make a *Proselyte*; and no sooner made, but he makes me. At a *Fa't* I cry *Geneva*, and at a *Fea't* I cry *Rome*. If I be *poor*, I *counterfeit abundance* to save my credit; if *Rich*, I *dissemble Poverty* to save charges. I most frequent *Schismatical Lectures*, which I find most *profitable*, from whence learning to divulge and maintain *new doctrines*, they maintain me in suppers thrice a week. I use the help of a *lie* sometimes, as a *Religious Stragem* to uphold the *Gospel*; and I colour *oppression* with God's *judgments* executed upon the *wicked*. *Charity* I hold an extraordinary duty, therefore not *ordinarily* to be performed. What I *openly reprove abroad*, for my own profit, that I *secretly act at home*, for my own pleasure.

His Woe.

But stay, I see a hand-writing in my heart damps my soul: 'tis characterized in these sad words.

Matt. 23. 13.

Woe be to you, Hypocrites.

His

His Proofs.

Job 20. 5.

THe triumphing of the wicked is short, the joy of a hypocrite is but for a moment.

Job 15. 34.

The Congregation of the hypocrites shall be desolate.

Pro. 11. 9.

An hypocrite with his mouth destroyeth his neighbour: but through knowledge shall the just be delivered.

Luke 12. 1.

Beware of the leaven of the Pharisees, which is hypocrisy.

Job 36. 13, 14.

The hypocrites in heart heap up wrath: They die in their youth, and their life is amongst the unclean.

Sálvian. de Gubern. Dei, l. 4.

The hypocrites love not those things they profess, and what they pretend in words they disclaim in practice: their sin is the more damnable because ushered in with pretence of piety, having the greater guilt because it obtains a godly reputation.

Hieron. Ep.

Endeavour rather to be, than to be thought holy; for what profits it thee to be thought to be what thou art not? and that man doubles his guilt, who is not so holy as the world thinks him, and counterfeits that holiness which he hath not.

His Soliloquie.

HOW like a living Sepulchre did I appear ; without, beautified with Gold and rich invention ; within, nothing but a loathed corruption ? So long as this fair Sepulchre was clos'd, it pass'd for a curious Monument of the Builders Art ; but being opened by these spiritual Keys, 'tis nothing but a Receptacle of offensive putrefaction. In what a nasty dungeon hast thou, my soul, so long remain'd unstified ? How wert thou wedded to thy own corruptions, that could'st endure thy unsavoury filthiness ? The world hated me, because I seemed good ; God hated me, because I only seemed good. I had no friend but my self, and this friend was my bosome-enemy. O my soul, is there water enough in Jordan to cleanse thee ? Hath Gilead Balm enough to heal thy superannuated sores ? I have sinned : I am convinced, I am convicted. God's Mercy is above Dimensions, when sinners have not sinned beyond Repentance. Art thou, my soul, truly penitent for thy sin ? Thou hast free interest in his mercy. Fall then, my soul, before his Mercy-seat, and he will crown thy Penitence with his pardon.

His Prayer.


O God, before the brightness of whose All-discerning eye the *secrets* of my heart appear, before whose clear *omniscience* the very *entrails* of my soul lie open, who art a God of righteousness and truth, and lovest uprightnes in the inward parts; How can I chuse but fear to thrust into thy glorious presence, or move my sinful lips to call upon that Name which I so often have dishonoured, and made a *Cloak* to hide the baseness of my *close* transgressions? Lord, when I look into the progress of my filthy life, my guilty conscience calls me to so strict account, and reflects me to so large an inventory of my *presumptuous* sins, that I commit a greater sin in thinking them more infinite then thy *mercy*. But, Lord, thy *mercies* have no date, nor is thy *goodness* circumscribed. The gates of thy compassion are alwaies open to a *broken heart*, and promise entertainment to a *contrite spirit*. The burthen of my *sins* is grievous, and the remembrance of my *hypocrisie* is intolerable. I have *sinned* against thy Majesty with a *high hand*, but I repent me from the bottome of an *humble heart*: as thou hast therefore given me *sorrow* for my sins, so crown that gift in the freeness of *Remission*. Be fully *reconcil'd* to me: through the All-sufficient *merits* of thy Son my Saviour, and seal in my afflicted heart: the full assurance of thy gracious *favour*. Be thou
exalted

exalted, O God, above the Heavens, and let me praise thee with a *single* heart. Cleanse thou my inward parts, O God, and purifie the closet of my polluted soul. *Fix* thou my *heart*, O thou searcher of all secrets, and keep my *affections* wholly to thee. Remove from me all by and base *respects*, that I may serve thee with an *upright* spirit. Take not the word of truth out of my mouth, nor give me over to *deceitful* lips. Give me an *inward* reverence of thy Majesty, that I might *openly* confess thee in the truth of my *sincerity*. Be thou the only *object* and *end* of all my actions, and let thy *honour* be my great reward. Let not the *hopes* of filthy-lucre or the *praise* of men incline me to thee; neither let the *pleasure* of the world nor the *fears* of any loss entice me from thee. Keep me from those *judgments* my *hypocrisie* hath deserved, and strengthen my resolution to abhor my former life. Give me strength, O God, to serve thee with a *perfect* heart in the *newness* of life, that I may be delivered from the *old man*, and the snares of *death*. Then shall I praise thee with my *entire* *affections*; and glorifie thy name for ever and ever.

Anonym.

The Hypocrite, that deceives the eye of man, cannot the eye of God: He fears the eye of them that can only observe, but fears not the eye of God, who will certainly punish.

Th

The Ignorant mans faultering.

O U tell me, and you tell me that I must be a *good man*, and *serve* God, and *doe* his *will*; and so I do, for ought I know. I am sure I am as *good* as God has *made* me, and I can *make* my self no *better*, so I cannot. And as for *serving* God, I am sure I goe to *Church* as well as the best in the *Parish*, though I be not so *fine*. And I make no question, if I had better *cloaths*, but I should do God as much credit as another man, though I say it. And as for *doing* God's *will*, I beshrew me, I leave that to them that are *book-learn'd*, and can doe it more wisely. I believe the *Vicar* of our *Parish* can *doe* it, and *has done* it too, as well as any within five miles of his head: and what need I trouble my self to *doe* what is so *well done* already? I hope he being so good a *Churchman*, and so great a *Schollard*, and can speak *Latine* too, would not leave that to so simple a man as I. It is enough for me to know that God is a *good man*; and that the ten *Commandements* are the best *praier*s in all the book, unless it be the *Creed*; and that I must love my *Neighbour* as well as he loves me: and for all other *Quilicomes*, they shall never trouble my brains, *an* *Grace* a *God*. Let me goe a *Sundaies* and *serve* God, obey the *King* (God blefs him) *doe* no man no *wrong*, say the *Lord's praier* every morning and evening, follow my work, give a *Noble* to the

poor.

poor at my death, and then say, *Lord have mercy upon me*, and goe away like a *Lamb*, I make no question but I shal deserve *heaven* as well as he that wears a *gayer coat*. But yet I'me not so ignorant neither, nor have not gone so often to *Church*, but I know *Christ* died for me too, as well as for any other man; I'de be sorry else; and that next to our *Vicar*, I shall goe to *heaven* when I am dead as soon as another: nay more, I know there be two *Sacraments*, *bread* and *wine*, and but two, (though the *Papists* say there be six or seven) and that I verily believe I shall be saved by those *Sacraments*; and that I love God above all, or else 'twere pittie of life; and that when I am dead and rotten, (as our *Vicar* told me) I shall rise again and be the same man as I was. But for that he must excuse me, till I have *better satisfaction*: for all his learning, he cannot make me such a fool, unless he shew me a better reason for't then yet he has done.

His Award.

But one thing he told me, now I think on't, troubles me woundly, namely, that God is my *Master*, all which I confess; and that I must do his will (whether I know how to doe it or not) or else it will goe ill with me. Ple read it (he said) out of God's *Bible*; and I shall remember the words so long as I have a day to live, which are these,

Luke 12. 48.

He that knoweth not his masters will, and doth things worthy of stripes, shall be beaten with few stripes..

Hu.

His Proofs.

I Cor. 14. 20.

Brethren, be not children in understanding :
howbeit in malice be ye children, but in un-
derstanding be men.

I Cor. 15. 34.

*Awake to righteousness and sin not ; for some
have not the knowledge of God : I speak it
to your shame.*

Ephes. 4. 18.

*Walk not in the vanity of your minds, having
the understanding darkned, being alienated
from the life of God, through the Ignorance
which is in you, because of the blindness of
your hearts.*

Levit. 5. 17.

*And if a soul sin and commit any of these things
which are forbidden to be done by the com-
mandments of the Lord, though he wist it not,
yet he is guilty, and shall bear his iniquity.*

Greg. Mag. Moral.

*It is good to know much, and to live well : but if
we cannot attain both, it is better to desire
piety then wisdom ; for knowledge makes no
man happy, nor doth blessedness consist in
intellectuals. The only brave thing is a reli-
gious life.*

Just. Mart. resp. ad orthod.

*To sin against knowledge is so much the greater
offence then an ignorant trespass, by how
much the crime which is capable of no excuse
is more hairous then the fault which admits
a tolerable plea.*

His

His Soliloquie.

HOW well it had been for thee, O my soul, if I had been *book-learned* ! Alas ! I cannot *read*, and what I hear I cannot understand ; I cannot *profit* as I *should*, and therefore cannot be as *good* as I *would*, for which I am right sorry. That I cannot *serve* God as well as my betters, hath been often a great grief to me ; and that I have been so *ignorant* in good things, hath been a great heart-breaking to me. I can say no prayers for want of knowledge to read, but *Our Father*, and the *Creed* : But the comfort is, God knows my heart. But I trust in God, *Our Father*, being made by Christ himself, will be enough for me that know not how to make a better. I endeavour to doe all our *Vicar* bids me ; and when I receive the *Communion* I truly forgive all the world for a *fortnight* after or such a matter : but then some old *injury* makes me *forget* my self ; but I cannot help it, an my life should lie on't. O my ingrant soul, what shall I doe to be saved ? All that I can say is, *Lord have mercy upon me* ; and all that I can doe is, but to doe my good will : and that I'll doe with all my heart, and say my *Prayers* too as well as God will give me leave, an grace a God.

His

His Praier.

O God the Father of Heaven, have mercy upon me miserable sinner. I am, as I must needs confess, a sinful man, as my forefathers were before me. I have heard many Sermons, and have had many good lessons from the mouths of painful Ministers; but through the *dulness* of my *understanding*, and for *want* of *learning*, I have not profited so much as else I should have done: spare me therefore, O God, spare me whom thou hast redeemed with thy precious blood, and be not angry for ever. I must confess the *painfulness* of my *calling* and the *heaviness* of my *own nature* hath taken from me the delight of *hearing* thy word; and the ignorance of learning, which I was never brought up to, hath kept me from *reading* it; insomuch that, in stead of growing better, I fear I have grown worse and worse, and have been so far from doing thy *will*, that I do not *understand* what thy *will* is very well. But thou, O merciful God, that didst reveal thy self to poor *Shepherds* and *Fisbermen* that had no more learning then I, have mercy upon me for Jesus Christ his sake. Thou that hast promised to instruct the *simple*, and to lead the ignorant into thy way, be good and merciful to me, I beseech thee. Thou that drawest the *needy* out of the dust, and the *poor* out of the dunghill, give me the *knowledge* of thy *will*, and teach me how to *serve* thee. Rouze up the *drowsiness* of
of

of my *heart* ; open mine *eyes* that I may *see* the truth, and mine *ears* that I may understand thy Word ; and strengthen my *memory* that I may lay it up in my *heart*, and shew it in my *life* and *vocation* to thy glory and my comfort, and the comfort of my friends. Lord, write thy will in my heart, that when I *know* it, I may *doe* it willingly. O teach me what thy pleasure is, that I may doe my best to perform it. Give me faith to lay hold on Christ Jesus, who died for me, that after I am dead I may rise again and live with him. Give me a good heart, that I may deal honestly with all men, and doe as I would be done to. Bless me in my calling, and prosper the labour of my hands, that I may have enough to feed me and cloath me, and to give to the poor. Mend all that is amiss in me, and expect from me according to the measure thou hast given me. Forgive me all my sins, and make me willing to please thee; that living a good life, I may make a gracious death, and so at last I may come to Heaven and live for ever, for Jesus Christ his sake, Amen.

Anonym.
That onely is the best knowledge that makes us better.

Anonym.
Ignorance will not excuse sin, when it self is a sin.

The

The Slothful mans Slumber.

What a world of *Curses* the eating of the *forbidden fruit* hath brought upon mankind, and unavoidably entail'd upon the sons of men! Among all which no one appears to me more terrible and full of sorrow, and bewraying greater wrath, then that insufferable, that horrible punishment of *labour*, and to purchase Bread with so extream a price as *sweat*. But, O what hap, what happiness have they, whose *dying parents* have procured a *quiet* fortune for their unmolested *children*, and conveyed descended *Rents* to their succeeding heirs, whose *ease* and contented lives may sit and suck the sweetness of their *cumberless estates*, and with their folded hands enjoy the delicacies of this toilsome world! How blessed, how delicious are those *ease* morsels, that can find the way to my soft palat, and then attend upon the wanton leasure of my *silken slumbers*, without the *painful practice* of my bosome-folded *hands*, or *sad contrivement* of my studious and contracted *Brows*! Why should I tire my tender youth, and torture out my groaning daies in *toyle* and *travel*, and discompose the happy peace of my harmonious thoughts with *painful grinding* in the common *mill* of dull mortality? Why should I rob my craving eye-lids of their delightful *Rest*, to cark and care, and purvey for that *Bread* which

which every work-abhorring *vagabond* can find of *Alms* at every good mans door? Why should I leave the warm protection of my care-beguiling *Doune*, to play the droyling drudge for daily food, when the young empty *Ravens* (that have no hands to work, nor providence but heaven) can call and be supplied? The pale-faced *Lily* and the blushing *Rose* neither spin nor sow, yet princely *Solomon* was never robed with so much glory; and shall I then afflict my body, and beslave my heaven-born soul, to purchase *Rags* to cloath my nakedness? Is my condition worse then *Sheep* ordained for slaughter, that crop the springing *grass*, cloathed warm in soft *Raiment*, purchas'd without their providence or paines? Or shall the pamper'd *Beast*, that shines with fatness and grows wanton through his careful *Grooms* indulgence, find better measure at the world's too partial hands then I? Come, come, let those take *pains* that love to leave their names enroll'd in memorable monuments of *Parehment*. The day has grief enough without my help; and let to morrow's *shoulders* bear to morrow's *burtbens*.

His Doom.

But stay, my soul, O stay thy rash resolves: take heed whilst thou avoidest the punishment of sin, *labour*, thou meet not the reward of idleness, a judgment.

Prov. 19. 15.

The idle soul shall suffer hunger.

Hu

His Proofs.

Eccles. 10. 13.

B*Y much slothfulness the building desaieth ;
and through idleness of the hands the house
droppeth through.*

Ezek. 16. 49.

*Behold this was the iniquity of thy sister Sodom :
pride, fulness of bread , and abundance of
idleness was in her, and in her daughters, nei-
ther did she strengthen the hand of the poor
and needy.*

Prov. 6. 6, 7, 8.

*Goe to the Pismire , O sluggard , behold her
waies and be wise. For she having no guide,
governour nor ruler, Prepareth her meat
in Summer, and gathereth her food in har-
vest.*

Nilus in Parænes.

*Idleness is the womb or fountain of all wicked-
ness : for it consumes and wastes the riches
and vertues which we have already, and dis-
enables us to get those we have not.*

Ibid.

*Woe be to the idle soul, for he shall hunger after
that which his riot consumed.*

His

His Soliloquie.

HOW presumptuously hast thou, my soul, transgressed the expresse *Commandment* of thy God ! How hast thou dash'd thy self against his *judgments* ! How hath thy undeserving hand usurpt the *diet*, and wearest on thy back the *wages* of the painful soul ! Art thou not condemned to *Rags*, to *Famine*, by him whose Law commanded thee to *labour* ? And yet thou pamper'st up thy sides with *stollen food*, and yet thou deck'st thy wanton body with *unearned ornaments* ; whiles they that spend their daily strength in their commanded *callings* (whose labour gives them interest in them) want *Bread* to feed, and *Rags* to cloath them. Thou art no young *Raven*, my soul, no *Lily*. Where *ability* to *labour* is, there *Providence* meets *action*, and crowns it. He that forbids to *cark* for *to morrow*, denies *Bread* to the *Idleness* of *to day*. Consider, O my soul, thy own *delinquency*, and let *employment* make thee capable of thy God's *protection*. The Bird that *sits* is a fair mark for the Fowler, while they that use the *wing* escape the danger. Follow thy *calling*, and heaven will follow thee with his *Blessing*. What thou hast formerly *omitted*, present repentance may *redeem* ; and what *judgments* God hath threatned, early *Petitions* may avert.

His Prayer.

MOst great and most glorious God, who for the sin of our first parents hast condemned our frail bodies to the punishment of *labour*, and hast commanded every one a *Calling* and a Trade of life, that hatest *idleness* as the *root* of *evil*, and threatnest *poverty* to the *slothful* hand; I thy poor suppliant convicted by thy judgements, and conscious of my own transgression, fly from thy self to Thee, and humbly appeal from the high *Tribunal* of thy *Justice* and seek for refuge in the *Sanctuary* of thy *Mercy*. Lord, I have led a life displeasing to thee, and have been a scandal to my profession; have slighted those *Blessings* which thy goodness hath promised to a *conscionable calling*, and have swallowed down the Bread of *idleness*. I have *impaired* the *Talent* thou gavest me, and have lost the opportunity of *doing* much *good*. I have filled my heart with idle imaginations, and have laid my self open to the *lusts* of the flesh. I have abused thy favours in the *misexpending* of my precious *time*, and have taken no delight in thy *Sabbaths*. I have doted too much on the *pleasures* of this World, and like a *Droan* have fed upon the *hony* of *Bees*. If thou, O God, shouldst be extream to search my waies with too severe an eye, thou couldst not chuse but whet thy indignation, and poure the vials of thy wrath upon me. Look therefore not upon my *sins*, O Lord; but through

through the *merits* of my Saviour, who hath made a full satisfaction for all my sins. What through my *weakness* I have failed to doe, the *fulness* of his *sufferings* hath most exactly done. In him, O God, in whom thou art well pleased, and for his sake, be gracious to my sin. Alter my heart and make it willing to please thee, that in my life I may adorn my profession. Give me a care and a conscience in my *calling*, and grant thy blessing to the lawful *labours* of my hand. Let the fidelity of my vocation improve my *Talent*, that I may enter into my Master's joy. Rouse up the dulness and deadness of my heart, and quench those *flames* of lust within me. Assist me, O God, in the *Redemption* of my *time*, and deliver my soul from the evilness of my daies. Let thy *providence* accompany my moderate *endeavours*, and let all my *imploiments* depend upon thy *providence*; that when the labours of this sinful world shall cease, I may feel and enjoy the benefit of a *good conscience*, and obtain the rest of a new Jerusalem in the Eternity of glory.

Anonym.

He that is idle, is ready for Satan to set on work.

The

The Proud mans Ostentation.

L'Le make him feel the *weight* of my *displeasure*, and teach him to *repent* his *sawcy boldness*. How dares his *baseness* once presume to breath so near my *person*, much more to take my *name* into his dunghil *mouth* ? Methinks the lustre of my *sparkling eye* might have had the power to astonish him into *good manners*, and sent him back to cast his mind into a fair *Petition*, humbly presented with his trembling hand. But thus to press into my *presence*, to press so near my *face*, and then to *speak*, and speak to *me*, as if I were his *equal*, is more then sufferable. The way to be *contemn'd* is to *digest contempt* ; but he that would be *honour'd* by the vulgar sort must wisely keep a *distance*. A *counenance* that's reserv'd breeds *fear* and *observation* : but *affability* and too *easie an access* makes fools too *bold*, and *reputation cheap*. What *price* I set upon my own *deserts*, instructs *opinion* how to *prize* me. That which base ignorance miscalls thy *pride*, is but a conscious knowledge of thy *merits*. *Dejected souls*, craven'd with their own *distrusts*, are the *worlds Foot-balls* to be kick'd and spurn'd : but *brave* and true *heroick spirits*, that know the *strength* of their own *worth*, shall baffle *baseness* and *presumption* into a *Reverential silence*, and spight of envy flourish in an *honourable repute*. Come then, my soul, ad-

vance thy *noble*, thy sublimer *thoughts*, and prize thy self according to those *parts*, which all may wonder at, few imitate, but none can equal. Let not the insolent *affronts* of vassals interrupt thy *Peace*, nor seem one scruple *less* then what thou art. Be thou thy self, *respect* thy self, receive thou *honour* from *thy self*; rejoyce thy self in *thy self*, and prize thy self for *thy self*. Like *Cæsar*, admit no *equal*; and like *Pompey*, acknowledge no *superior*. Be covetous of thine own *honour*, and hold another's *glory* as thy *injury*. Renounce *humility* as an *Herésie* in reputation, and *meekness* as the worst *disease* of a true bred noble spirit. Disparage *worth* in all but in thy self, and make another's infamy a *foil* to magnifie thy glory. Let such as have no reason to be *proud*, be *humbled* of necessity; and let them that have no parts to *value*, be *despondent*. But as for thee, thy *Cards* are good; and having skill enough to play thy hopefull *Game*, vie boldly, conquer and triumph.

His Desolation,

But stay, my Soul, the *Trump* is yet unturn'd: boast not too soon, nor call it a fair day till night: the turning of a hand may make such *alterations* in thy flattering fortunes, that all thy *glorious expectations* may chance to end in *loss* and unsuspected *ruine*. That God which thrust that *Babylonian* Prince from his *Imperial Throne*, to graze with beasts, hath said,

Prov. 15. 25.

The Lord will destroy the house of the proud.

His Proofs.

Prov. 11. 2.

When pride cometh then cometh shame; but with the lowly is wisdom.

Jer. 13. 15.

Hear ye, and give ear, and be not proud; for the Lord hath spoken.

Esay 2. 12.

The day of the Lord of Hosts shall be upon every one that is proud and lofty, and upon every one that is lifted up, and he shall be brought low.

Prov. 16. 5.

Every one that is proud in heart is abomination to the Lord.

James 4. 6.

God rejecteth the proud, and giveth grace to the humble.

Isidor. Hispal.

Pride made Satan fall from the highest heaven: therefore they that pride themselves in their vertues, imitate the Devil; and fall more dangerously, because they aspire and climb to the highest pitch, from whence is the greatest fall.

Greg. Mor.

Pride grows stronger in the root whilst it braves itself with presumptuous advances, yet the higher it climbs the lower it falls: for he that heightens himself by his own pride is alwaies destroyed by the judgment of God.

His Soliloquie.

HOW wert thou *muffled*, O my soul ! How
 were thine eyes *blinded* with the *corrupti-*
on of thine own *heart* ! When I beheld my
 self by my own *light*, I seem'd a glorious thing;
 my *sun* knew no *eclipse*, and all my *imperfecti-*
ons were *gilded* over with vain-glory : but now
 the *day-spring* from above hath shin'd upon
 my heart, and the diviner light hath driven a-
 way those foggy *mists*, I find my self another
 thing : my *Diamonds* are all turn'd *Pebbles*,
 and my glory is turn'd to shame. O my de-
 ceived soul, how great a darkness was thy light !
 The thing that seem'd so *glorious* and sparkled
 in the night, by day appears but *rotten wood*;
 and that bright *Gloe-worm*, that in darkness
 outshined the *Chrysolite*, is by this new-found
 light no better then a crawling *worm*. How
 inseparable, O my soul, is pride and folly !
 which like *Hippocrates twins* still live and die
 together. It blinds the eye, befools the judge-
 ment, knows no superiours, hates equals, dis-
 dains inferiours ; is the wise mans scorn, and the
 fools *Idol*. Renounce it, O my soul, lest thy
 God renounce *thee*. He that hath threatned to
 resist the *proud*, hath promised to give Grace to
 the *humble* ; and what true *Repentance* speaks
 free *mercy* hears and crowns.

His Prayer.

O God the fountain of all true *Glory* and the giver of all free grace, whose Name is only *honourable* and whose works are only *glorious*, that shewest thy waies to the *meek*, and takest compassion upon an *umble* spirit, that hatest the presence of a *lofty* eye, and destroiest the *proud* in the imaginations of their hearts; vouchsafe, O Lord, thy gracious ear, and hear the sighing of a contrite heart. I know, O God, the *quality* of my *sin* can look for nothing but the *extremity* of thy *wrath*; I know the *crookedness* of my condition can expect nothing but the *Fornace* of thy *indignation*; I know the *insolence* of my *corrupted nature* can hope for nothing but the *execution* of thy *judgments*: Yet, Lord, I know withall thou art a gracious God, of evil repenting thee, and slow to wrath; I know thy nature and property is to shew compassion, apt to conceive, but readier to forgive; I know thou takest no pleasure in the destruction of a sinner, but rather that he should repent and live: In confidence and full assurance whereof I am here prostrate on my *bended* knees, and with an *umble* heart. Nor do I press into thy holy presence, trusting in my own merits, lest thou shouldest deal with *me* as I have dealt by *others*; but being encouraged by thy gracious invitation, and heavy laden with the burthen of my sins, I come to thee, O God, who

art the refuge of a wounded soul, and the Sanctuary of a broken spirit. Forgive, O God, forgive me what is past recalling, and make me circumspect for the time to come. Open mine eyes that I may see how *vain* a thing I am, and how polluted from my very birth. Give me an insight of my own corruptions, that I may truly *know* and loath *my self*. Take from me all *vain-glory* and *self-love*, and make me careless of the *world's applause*. Endue me with an *humble* heart, and take this *haughty* spirit from me. Give me a true discovery of my own *merits*, that I may truly fear and tremble at thy *judgments*. Let not the world's contempt deject me, nor the disrespects of man *dismay* me. Take from me, O God, a *scornful* eye, and curb my tongue that speaks *presumptuous* things. Plant in my heart a *brotherly* love, and cherish in me a charitable affection. Possess my soul with patience, O God, and establish my heart in the *fear* of thy name; that being *humbled* before thee in the *weakness* of my *spirit*, I may be *exalted* by thee through the *freeness* of thy *Grace*, and crowned with thee in the *kingdom* of *Glory*.

Anonym.

Pride is its own punishment, for nothing makes men more contemptible in the eyes of others.

Thi

The Covetous mans Care.

Believe me, the *Times* are hard and dangerous; *Charity* is grown cold, and *Friends* uncomfortable; an empty *Purse* is full of sorrow, and hollow *Baggs* make a heavy heart. Poverty is a civil *Pestilence*, which frights away both friends and kindred, and leaves us to a *Lord have mercy upon us*. It is a *sickness* very catching and infectious, and more commonly *abhorr'd* then cured. The best Antidote against it is *Angelica* and *Providence*, and the best Cordial is *Aurum potabile*. Gold-taking fasting is an approved soveraign. Debts are ill *humors*, and turn at last to dangerous *obstructions*. Lending is a mere *consumption of the radical humour*, which if consumed, brings a patient to *nothing*. Let others trust to Courtiers *promises*, to friends *performances*, to Princes *favours*; give me a Toy call'd *Gold*, give me a thing call'd *Money*. O blessed *Mammon*, how extremely sweet is thy all-commanding presence to my thriving soul! In banishment thou art my dear *companion*: In captivity thou art my precious *ransome*: In trouble and vexation thou art my dainty *rest*: In sickness thou art my *health*; in grief my only *joy*; in all extremity my onely *trust*. *Vertue* must vail to thee; nay *Grace* it self not relish'd with thy *sweetness* would even displease the righteous palates of the sons of men. Come then, my

D 4

soul,

soul, advise, contrive, project; goe, compass Sea and Land; leave no *exploit* untried, no *path* untrod, no *time* unspent; afford thine eyes no sleep, thy head no *rest*; neglect thy ravenous *belly*, uncloath thy *back*; deceive, betray, swear and forswear to compass such a *friend*. If thou be base in birth, 'twill make thee *honourable*; if weak in power, it will make thee formidable. Are thy friends few? 'twill make them *numerous*. Is thy cause bad? 'twill gain thee *Advocates*. True, *wisdom* is an excellent help, in case it *bend this way*; and *learning* is a gentle Ornament, if not too *chargeable*: yet by your leave, they are but estates for term of life: but *everlasting* Gold, if well advantag'd, will not only bless thy daies, but thy surviving children from generation to generation. Come, come, let others fill their braines with dear-bought *wit*, turn their pence into expenceful *charity*, and store their bosomes with unprofitable *piety*; let them *lose* all to *save* their imaginary *consciences*, and *begger* themselves at home to be thought *honest* abroad: fill thou thy *baggs* and *barns*, and *lay up* for many years, and take thy *rest*.

His Curse.

But, O my soul, what follows wounds my heart and strikes me on my knees.

Luke 12. 20.

Thou fool, this night shall thy soul be required of thee,

His

His Proofs.

Matt. 6. 24.

YE cannot serve God and Mammon.

Job 20. 15.

He hath swallowed down Riches, and he shall vomit them up again : God shall cast them out of his belly.

Prov. 15. 27.

He that is greedy of gain troubles his own house ; but he that hateth gifts shall live.

2. Pet. 2. 3.

Through covetousness they shall with feigned words make merchandise of you, whose judgment now of a long time lingreth not, and whose damnation slumbreth not.

Nilus in Parænes.

Wee to the covetous, for his Riches forsake him, and Hell fire takes him.

S. August.

O thou covetous man, why dost thou treasure up such hidden mischief ? why dost thou dote on the Image of the King stamped on coin, and hatest the Image of God that shines in men ?

Idem.

The Riches which thou treasurest up are lost ; those thou charitably bestowest are truly thine.

His

His Soliloquie.

WHat think'st thou now, my soul? If the
judgment of holy men may not inform
 thee, let the *judgments* of thy angry God en-
 force thee. Weigh thy own carnal *affections*
 with the sacred *Oracles* of Heaven, and light
 and darkness are not more contrary. What
 thou *approvest*, thy God *condemns*; what thou
desirest, thy God *forbids*. Now, my soul, if
Mammon be God, follow him; if God be God,
 adhere to him: *Thou canst not serve God and*
Mammon. If thy conscience feel the *hook*, nib-
 ble no longer. Many *sins* leave thee in the way,
 this follows thee to thy *lives end*; the *Root* of
 evil, the *Canker* of all goodness: It *blinds*
 Justice, *poisons* Charity, *strangles* Conscience,
beslaves the Affections, *betraies* Friendship,
breaks all Relations. It is a root of the Devil's
 own *planting*; *pluck* it up. Think not that a
pleasure which God hath *threatned*; nor that
 a *blessing* which Heaven hath *cursed*. *Devour*
 not that which thou or thy heir must *vomit*
 up. Be no longer possess'd with such a Devil,
 but *cast* him out; and if he be too *strong*,
weaken him by *Fasting*, and *exercise* him by
Praier.

His Prayer.

O God that art the *fulness* of all *Riches* and *Magazin* of all *treasure*, in the enjoyment of whose favour the smallest morsel is a *rich inheritance*, and the courtest Pulse is a *large portion*, without whose blessing the greatest plenty *enriches* not, and the highest diet *nourishes* not; how have I (an earth-worm, and no man) fixt my whole heart upon this transitory world, and neglected thee the only desirable good! I blush, O Lord, to confess the baseness of my life, and am utterly ashamed of mine own foolishness. I have placed my affections upon the nasty *Rubbish* of this world, and have slighted the inestimable *Pearl* of my salvation. I have wallow'd in the *mire* of my inordinate desires, and refused to be wash'd in the *streams* of thy compassion. I have put my confidence in the *faithfulness* of my servant, and have doubted the *providence* of thee my gracious Father. I have served unrighteous Mammon with greediness, and have preferred dross and dung before the Pearly gates of new Jerusalem. Thou hast promised to be all in all to those that fear thee, and not to fail the soul that trusts in thee; but I refused thy gracious offer, and put my confidence in the vanity of the Creature. But, gracious God, to whom Repentance never comes unseasonable, that find'st an ear when sinners find a tongue, regard the contrition of a bleeding heart, and withdraw not thy mercy from

from a penſive ſoul. Give me new thoughts, O God, and with thy holy Spirit new mould my deſires. Inform my will, and ſanctifie my affections, that they may reliſh thy ſweetneſs with a full delight. Create in me, O God, a ſpiritual ſenſe, that I may take pleaſure in things that are above. Give me a *contented thankfulneſs* for what I have, that I may neither in *poverty* forſake thee, nor in *plenty* forget thee. Arm me with continual *patience*, that I may chearfully put my truſt in thy *providence*. Moderate my care for momentary things, that I may uſe the world as if I uſ'd it not. Let not the loſs of any earthly good too much deject me, leſt I ſhould ſin with my lips and charge thee fooliſhly. Give me a *charitable* hand, O God, and fill my heart with *brotherly compaſſion*, that I may chearfully exchange the *corruptible treaſure* of this world into the *incorruptible Riches* of the world to come; and proving a faithful ſteward in thy ſpiritual houſhold, I may give up my account with joy, and be made partaker of thy eternal joy in the Kingdom of thy glory.


S Chryſoſt.

The veſſel of our deſires grows greater under our endeavours to fill it.

We brought nothing into the world, and we ſhall carry nothing out with us.

The

The Self-lover's Self-fraud.

OD hath required my *heart*, and he shall have it : God hath commanded truth in the *inward parts*, and he shall be obeyed. My *soul* shall praise the Lord, and all that is within me, and I will serve him in the *strength* of my desires. And in *common* cases the *tongue's* profession of his *name* is no less then necessary : But when it lies upon a *life*, upon the saving of a *liveliness*, upon the flat undoing of a *Reputation*, the case is altered. My *life* is dear, my fair *possessions* precious, and my *Reputation* is the very Apple of my eye. To save so great a *stake*, methinks *equivocation* is but *venial*, if a *sin*. If the true loyalty of mine heart stands sound to my *Religion* and my *God*, my well-informed *Conscience* tells me that in such *extremities* my frightened *tongue* may take the priviledge of a *Salvo* or a *mental reservation*, if not in the expression of a fair *compliance*. What ? shall the real *breach* of a holy *Sabbath*, dedicated to God's highest glory, be tolerated for the welfare of an *Oxe* ? May that breach be set upon the score of *mercy*, and commended above *sacrifice*, for the safeguard of an *Ass* ? And may I not dispence with a bare *lip-denial* of my urg'd *Religion* for the necessary *preservation* of the threatned *life* of a man ? for the saving of the whole *liveliness* and subsistence of a *Christian* ? What ? shall

Shall I perish for the want of food, and die a *Martyr* to that foolish conscience which forbids me to rub the ears of a little standing *Corn*? *Jacob* could purchase his sick Father's blessing with a down-right *lie*, and may I not *dissemble* for a *life*? The young mans great *possessions* taught his timorous tongue to shrink from and decline his heart's *profession*, and who could blame him? Come, if thou freely give thy *house*, canst thou in conscience be denied a *hiding-room* for thy protection? The *Syrian Captain* (he whose heart was fixt on his now-firm-resolv'd and true devotion) reserved the house of *Rimmon* for his necessary attendance, and yet went in *peace*. *Peter* (upon the rock of whose confession the *Church* was grounded) to save his *liberty*, with a false, nay with a perjur'd tongue, nay more, at such a time when as the *Lord of life* (in whose behalf he drew his *Sword*) was question'd for his innocent life, *denied* his *Master*; and shall I be so great an unthrift of my blood, my life, to lose it for a mere *lip-denial* of that *Religion* which now is settled, and needs no blood to seal it?

His Retribution.

But stay, my *Conscience* checks me, there's a *judgment* thunders; Hark.

Matt. 10. 33.

He that denies me before men, him will I deny before my Father which is in Heaven.

His

His Proofs.

2 Tim. 3. 1, 2.

K Now that in the latter daies perillous times shall come: For men shall be lovers of their own selves.

Esay 45. 23.

I have sworn by my self, the word is gone out of my mouth in Righteousness, and shall not return, that unto me every knee shall bow, and every tongue shall swear.

Rom. 10. 10.

With the heart man believeth unto Righteousness; and with the mouth confession is made to salvation.

Luke 9. 26.

Whosoever shall be ashamed of me and my words, of him shall the Son of man be ashamed when he shall come in Glory.

August.

The love of God and the world are two different things. If the love of this world dwell in thee, the love of God forsakes thee: renounce that, and receive this: 'tis fit the more nobler love should have the best place and acceptance.

Theoph.

It is not enough only to believe with the heart, for God will have us confess with our mouth: every one that confesses that Christ is God, shall find Christ professing to the Father, that man is a faithful servant; but those that deny Christ shall receive that fearful doom, (Nescio vos) I know you not,

His

His Soliloquie.

MY soul, in such a time as this, when the civil *Sword* is warm with *slaughter*, and the wasting *kingdome* welters in her *bloud*, wouldst thou not give thy *life* to ransom her from *raine*? Is not the God of Heaven and Earth worth many *Kingdoms*? Is thy *welfare* more considerable then his *glory*? Dar'st thou deny him for thy own *ends*, that denied thee nothing for thy good? Is a poor clod of earth we call *Inheritance* prisable with his *greatness*, or apuff of breath we call *Life* valuable with his *honour*, in comparison of whom the very *Angels* are impure? Blush, O my soul, at thy own guilt. He that accounted his *bloud*, his *life* not worth the keeping, to ransom thee a wretch, lost by thy own rebellion, deserves he not the abatement of a *lust*, to keep him from a new *crucifying*? My soul, if Religion bind thee not, if judgments *terrifie* thee not, if natural affection *incline* thee not, yet let common reason perswade thee to love him above a *trifle*, that loved thee above his *life*: And thou that hast so often denied him, deny thy self for ever, and he will own thee; repent, and he'll pardon thee; pray to him, and he will hear thee.

Anon.

He that loves himself most hath of all men the happiness to have fewest rivals.

His

His Praier.

O God, whose *glory* is the end of my creation, and whose free *mercy* is the cause of my redemption ; that gavest thy Son, thy only Son, to die for me, who else had perished in the common deluge of thy wrath ; what shall I render for so great a *mercy* ? What thankfulness shall I return for so infinite a *love* ? Alas ! the most that I can doe is nothing ; the best that I can present is worse then nothing, sin. Lord, if I yield my body for a sacrifice, I offer nothing but a lump of filth and loathsome putrefaction ; or if I give my soul in contribution, I yield thee nothing but thy image quite defaced and polluted with my lusts ; or if I spend the strength of the whole man, and with both heart and tongue confess and magnifie thy Name, how can the praises of my sinful lips, that breath from such a sink, be pleasing to thee ? But, Lord, since thou art pleased in thy well-pleasing Son to accept the poverty of my weak endeavours, send down thy holy Spirit into my heart, cleanse it from the filth of my corruptions, and make it fit to praise thee. Lord, open thou my mouth, and my lips shall shew forth thy praise. Put a new song into my mouth, and I will praise thee and confess thee all day long. I will not hide thy goodness in my mouth, but will be shewing forth thy truth and thy salvation. Let thy praises be my honour, and let thy goodness be the subject of
my

my undaunted Song. Let neither *Reputation*, *Wealth*, nor *Life* be precious to me in comparison with thee. Let not the world's derision daunt me, nor examples of infirmity deject me. Give me courage and wisdom to stand for thy honour; O make me worthy, able and willing to suffer for thy name. Lord, teach me to deny my self, and to resist the motions of my own corruptions. Create in me, O God, a single heart, that I may love the Lord Jesus in sincerity. Remember not, O Lord, the sins of my fear, and pardon the hypocrisie of my self-love. Wash me from the stains and guilt of this my hainous offence, and deliver me from this fearful judgment thou hast threatened in thy Word. Convince all the Arguments of my un sanctified wit, whereby I have become an advocate to my sin. Grant that my life may adorn my profession, and make my tongue an instrument of thy glory. Assist me, O God, that I may praise thy goodness, and declare thy wonders among the children of men. Strengthen my faith, that it may trust thee; and let my works so shine, that men may praise thee: that my heart *believing* unto righteousness, and my tongue *confessing* to salvation, I may be acknowledged by thee here, and glorified by thee in the Kingdome of glory.

Sa.

He that pleaseth himself pleaseth a fool.

The Worldly mans Verdour.

FOR ought I see the case is even the same with him that *praies*, and him that does not *pray*; with him that *swears*, and him that *fears an Oath*. I see no difference; if any, those that they call the *wicked* have the advantage: Their crops are even as *fair*, their flocks as *numerous* as theirs that wear the ground with their religious *knees*, and fast their bodies to a *skeleton*; nay in the use of blessings (which only makes them so) they far exceed. They tearm me *Reprobate*, and style me *unfegenerate*. 'Tis true, I eat my labours with a jolly heart, drink frolick cups, sweeten my pains with time-beguiling *sports*, make the best *advantage* of my own, *pray* when I think on't, *swear* when they urge me, hear Sermons at my *leisure*, follow the *lusts* of my own eyes, and take the *pleasure* of my own *waies*: and yet, God be thanked, my Barns are *furnish'd*, my Sheep *stand sound*, my Cattel *strong* for labour, my Pastures *rich* and flourishing, my Body *healthful*, and my Bags are *full*; whilst they that are so *pure*, and make such *conscience* of their waies, that run to Sermons, *fig* to *Lectures*, pray *thrice* a day by the hour, hold *faith* and *truth* prophane, and drinking *healths* a sin, do often find *lean* harvests, *casie* flocks and *empty* purses. Let them be godly that can live on *Aire* and *Faith*, and
eaten

eaten up by Zeal can whine themselves into an *Hospital*, or bless their lips with charitable scraps. If godliness have this reward, to have short meals for long *Praiers*, weakestates for strong faiths, and good consciences upon such bad conditions, let them boast of their penny-worths, and let me be wicked still, and take my chance as falls. Let me have judgment to discover a profitable Farm, and wit to take it at an easie Rent, and Gold to stock it in a liberal manner, and skill to manage it to my best advantage, and luck to find a good increase, and providence to husband wisely what I gain: I seek no further, and I wish no more. Husbandry and Religion are two several occupations, and look two several waies, and he is the only wise man can reconcile them.

His Withering,

But stay, my soul, I fear thy reckoning fails thee. If thou hast judgment to discover, wit to bargain, Gold to imploy, skill to manage, providence to dispose; canst thou command the Clouds to drop? or if a wet season meet thy Harvest, and with open sluices overwhelm thy hopes, canst thou let down the floud-gates, and stop the watry Flux? Canst thou command the Sun to shine? Canst thou forbid the Mildews, or controll the breath of the malignant East? Is not this God's sole Prerogative? And hath not that God said,

Psal. 92. 7.

When the workers of iniquity do flourish, it is that they shall be destroyed for ever?

Hu

His Proofs.

Job 21. 7.

W Herefore do the wicked live, become old,
yea are mighty in power?

8. *Their seed is established in their sight, and
their off-spring before their eyes.*

9. *Their houses are safe from fear, neither is the
wrath of God upon them.*

10. *Their Bull gendereth, and faileth not; their
Cow calveth, and casteth not her Calf.*

11. *They send forth their little ones like a flock,
and their children dance.*

12. *They take the Timbrel and the Harp, and
rejoyce at the sound of the Organ.*

13. *They spend their daies in wealth, and in a
moment they goe down to the Grave.*

Nil. in Parænes.

*Woe be to him that pursues empty and fading
pleasures: because in a short time he fats and
pampers himself as a Calf to the slaughter.*

Bernard.

*There's no misery more true and real then false
and counterfeit pleasure.*

Hieron.

*It's not only difficult, but impossible, to have
heaven here and hereafter; to live in sensual
lusts, and to attain spiritual bliss; to pass
from one paradise to another; to be a mirrour
of felicity in both worlds; to shine with glo-
rious raies both in this globe of earth, and
the orb of heaven.*

His

His Soliloquie.

HOW sweet a feast is till the *reckoning* come !
A fair day ends often in a *cold* night, and
the road that's pleasant ends in *Hell*. If worldly
pleasures had the promise of *continuance*, pro-
sperity were some comfort ; but in this neces-
sary *vicissitude* of good and evil, the prolong-
ing of adversity *sharpens* it. It is no common
thing, my soul, to enjoy two Heavens : *Dives*
found it in the present, *Lazarus* in the future.
Hath thy encrease met with no *damage* ? thy
reputation with no *scandal* ? thy pleasure
with no *cross* ? thy prosperity with no *adver-*
sity ? Presume not : God's checks are *sym-*
ptomes of his *mercy* ; but his silence is the *Har-*
binger of a judgment. Be circumspect and
provident, my soul. Hast thou a fair *Sum-*
mer ? provide for a hard *Winter* : the world's
River ebbs alone ; it flows not : he that goes
merrily with the *stream*, must *bale* up. Flatter
thy self therefore no longer in thy *prosperous* sin.
O my deluded soul, but be truly sensible of thy
own *presumption*. Look seriously into thy ap-
proaching danger, and humble thy self with
true contrition. If thou procure *four herbs*,
God will provide his *Passover*.

His Prayer.

HOW weak is man, O God, when thou forsakest him ! How foolish are his Counsels, when he plots without thee ! How wild his progress when he wanders from thee ! How miserable till he return unto thee ! How his wit fails ! How his wisdom falters ! How his wealth melts ! How his providence is befooled ! and how his soul beslav'd ! Thou strik'st off the Chariot-wheels of his Inventions, and he is perplexed : Thou confoundest the *Babel* of his imaginations, and he is troubled. Thou crodest his designs, that he may *fear* thee ; and thou stop'st him in his waies, that he may *know* thee. How merciful art thou, O God, and in thy very judgments, Lord, how gracious ! Thou mightest have struck me into the lowest pit as easily as on these bended knees, and yet been justified in my confusion : But thou hast threatened like a gentle Father, as loath to punish thy ungracious child. Thou knowest the crooked thoughts of man are vain, still turning point to their contrivers ruine. Thou saw'st me wandering in the maze of death, whilst I with violence pursued my own destruction. But thou hast warn'd me by thy sacred Word, and took me off that I might live to praise thee. Thou art my confidence, O God ; Thou art the Rock, the Rock of my salvation. Thy Word shall be my guide, for all thy paths are Mercy and Truth. Lord, when I look upon my former world-

worldliness, I utterly abhor my conversation : strengthen me with thy assistance, that I may lead a new life ; make me more and more sensible of my own condition, and perfect thou the good work thou hast begun in me. In all my designs be thou my Counsellor, that I may prosper in my undertakings. In all my actions be thou my guide, that I may keep the path of thy Commandments. Let all my own devices come to nought, lest I presume upon the Arm of flesh : let not my wealth increase without thy blessing, lest I be fatted up against the day of slaughter. Have thou a hand in all my just employments, then prosper thou the work of thy hands ; O prosper thou thy handiwork, and make it mine, who have no interest in it till thou own me as thy Child. Then shall my soul rejoice in thy favours, and magnifie thy name for all thy mercies ; then shall my lips proclaim thy loving-kindness, and sing thy praises for ever and for ever.

Eccles. ii. 9.

Walk in the waies of thine heart, and in the sight of thine eyes : But know thou that for all these things God will bring thee to judgment.

Th

The Lascivious man's Heaven.

An flesh and bloud be so unnatural to forget the Laws of *Nature*? can blowing youth immure it self within the *Icy* walls of *Vestal Chastity*? Can *lusty* diet and *mollitious* rest bring forth no other fruits but *faint* desires, *rigid* thoughts, and *Phlegmatick* conceits? Should we be *stocks* and *stones*, and (having active souls). turn altogether *passives*? Must we turn *Ancorites*, and spend our daies in Caves and Hermitages, and smother up our precious hours in *cloistered* folly, and *recluse* devotion? Can *Rosie cheeks*, can *Ruby lips*, can *snowy breasts* and *sparkling eyes*, present their *beauties* and *perfections* to the *sprightly* view of *young* mortality? and must we stand like *Statues* without sense or motion? Can strict Religion impose such *cruel* Tasks, and even *impossible* Commands upon the raging thoughts of her unhappy votaries, as to withstand and contradict the instinct and very principles of *Nature*? Can fair-pretending piety be so barbarous to condemn us to the flames of our affections, and make us *Martyrs* to our own desires? Is't not enough to conquer the rebellious *Actions* of imperious flesh, but must we manacle her hands, darken her eyes, say worse, restrain the freedom of her very thoughts? Can full *perfection* be expected here? Or can our work be *perfect* in this vale of

E

imper-

imperfection? This were a life for *Angels*, but a task too hard for frail, for transitory *man*. Come, come, we are but *men*, but *flesh* and *bloud*, and our born *frailties* cannot grapple with such potent *tyranny*. What *nature* and *necessity* requires us to doe, is *venial* being done. Come, strive no more against so strong a *stream*, but take thy fill of *beauty*; solace thy wanton heart with *amorous* contemplations; cloath all thy words with *courtly Rhetorick*, and soften thy lips with *dialects* of love; surfeit thy self with pleasure, and melt thy passion into warm delights; walk into Nature's universal *Boxer*, and pick what *flower* does most surprize thine eye; drink of all waters, but be tied to none; spare neither cost nor paines to compass thy *desires*. Enjoy *Varieties*; emperadise thy ioul in *fresh* delights. The change of pleasure makes thy pleasure *double*. Ravish thy senses with perpetual *choice*, and glut thy soul with all the *delicates* of love.

His Hell.

But hold: There is a voice that whispers in my troubled ear; a voice that blanks my thoughts, and stops the course of my resolves; a voice that chills the bosome of my soul, and fills me with amazement: *Mark*.

Gal. 5. 21.

They which doe such things shall not inherit the Kingdom of God.

His Proofs.

Exod. 20. 14.

THou shalt not commit Adultery.

Matt. 5. 28.

Whoſoever looks upon a woman to luſt after her, hath committed adultery with her already in his heart.

Rom. 13. 13.

Let us walk honeſtly as in the day; not in rioting or in drunkenneſs, nor in chambering, nor in wantonneſs.

1 Pet. 2. 11.

Abſtain from fleſhly luſts, which warre againſt the ſoul.

Nilus in Paræn.

Woe be to the fornicator and adulterer, for his garment is defiled and ſpotted, and the heavenly Bridegroom caſts him out from his chait nuptials.

A world of presumptuous and vainous offences do ariſe and ſpring from the filthy fountain of adulterous luſt, whereby the gate of heaven is ſhut, and poor man excluded from God.

S. Greg. Mor.

Hence the fleſh lives in ſenſual delights for a moment, but the immortal ſoul periſheth for ever.

His Soliloquie.

Lust is a *Brand* of original fire, rak'd up in the *Embers* of flesh and blood, uncover'd by a natural inclination, blown by corrupt communication, quench'd with *fasting* and *humiliation* : It is rak'd up in the *best*, uncovered in the *most*, and blown in *thee*, O my lustful soul. O turn thine *ear* from the *pleadings* of Nature, and make a *Covenant* with thine *eyes*. Let not the language of *Delilah* inchant thee, lest the hands of the *Philistines* surprize thee. Review thy *past pleasures*, with the *charge* and *pains* thou hadst to compass them, and shew me, where's thy *penny-worth*? Foresee what *punishments* are prepar'd to meet thee, and tell me, what's thy *purchase*? Thou hast barter'd away thy *God* for a *lust*; sold thy *eternity* for a *trifle*. If this bargain may be recall'd by *tears*, dissolve thee, O my soul, into a spring of *waters*; if to be revers'd with *price*, reduce thy whole estate into a *Sack-cloth* and an *Ash-tub*. Thou whose *Liver* hath scorch'd in the *flames* of lust, humble thy heart in the *Ashes* of Repentance: And as with *Esau* thou hast sold thy Birthright for *Broth*, so with *Jacob* wrestle by *Praier* till thou get a *blessing*.

Anonym.

Consider well, how empty thy pleasure will be when it is past, and thou cuttest off the chief strength of the temptation.

Hu

His Prayer.

O God, before whose face the Angels are *impure*, before whose clear omniscience all Actions *appear*, to whom the very secrets of the hearts are open; I here acknowledge, to thy glory and my shame, the filthiness and vile *impurity* of my Nature. Lord, I was filthy in my very conception, and in filthiness my mother's womb inclosed me, brought forth in filthiness, and filthy is my very innocency, filthy in the motions of my flesh, and filthy in the apprehensions of my soul; my words all cloth'd with filthiness, and in all my actions filthy and unclean, in my inclination filthy, and in the whole course of my life nothing but a continued filthiness. Wash me, O God, and make me clean, cleanse me from the filthiness of my corruption. Purge me, O Lord, with Hyssop, and create a clean heart within me. Correct the vagrant motions of my *flesh*, and quench the fiery darts of Satan. Let not the Law of my corrupted members rule me; O let *concupiscence* have no Dominion over me. Give me courage to fight against my *lusts*, and give my weakness strength to overcome: make sharp my Sword against this body of sin, but most against my *Delilah*, my besetment. Deliver me from the tyranny of temptation, or give me power to subdue it. Confine the liberty of my *wanton appetite*, and give me temperance in a sober diet. Grant

me a heart to strive with thee in Praier, and hopeful patience to attend thy leisure. Keep me from the habit of an *idle* life, and cloze mine ears against *corrupt* communication. Set thou a watch before my lips, that all my words may savour of sobriety. Preserve me from the vanity and pride of life, that I may walk blameless in my conversation. Protect me from the fellowship of the unclean, and from all such as are of evil report. Let thy grace, O God, be sufficient for me, to protect my soul from the buffetings of Satan. Make me industrious and diligent in my calling, lest the enemy get advantage over me. In all my temptations let me have recourse to thee. Be thou my refuge when I call upon thee. Forgive, O God, the sins of my youth, O pardon the multitudes of my secret sins. Encrease my hatred to my former life, and strengthen my resolution for the time future. Hear me, O God, and let the words of my mouth be alwaies acceptable to thee, O God, my strength and my Redeemer.

S. Hierom.

Pleasure leaves behind it a greater thirst then that which it pretends to quench ; and though it be taken in a full draught, yet does not satisfie.

Prov. 6. 27.

Can a man take fire into his bosome, and his cleaths not be burnt ?

The Sabbath-breaker's profanation.

H E glittering *Prince* that sits upon his regal and imperial *Throne*, and the ignoble *Peasant* that sleeps within his sordid house of *Thatch*, are both alike to God. An *Ivory Temple* and a *Church of Clay* are priz'd alike by him. The flesh of *Buls*, and the perfumes of *Myrrh* and *Cassia* smook his *Altars* with an equal pleasure: And does he make such difference of *daies*? Is he that was so weary of the *New-Moons*, so taken with the *Sun*, to tie his *Sabbath* to that only day? The *tenth* in tithes is any one in *ten*, and why the *seventh* day not any one in *seven*? We sanctifie the day, the day not us. But are we *Jews*? Are we still bound to keep a *legal Sabbath* in the strictness of the Letter? Have the *Gentiles* no *priviledge* by the virtue of *Messiah's* coming? or has the *Evangelical Sabbath* no immunities? The *service* done, the *day's* discharg'd, my *liberty* restor'd; and if I meet my *profits* or my *pleasures* then, I'll give them entertainment. If *business* call me to account, I dare afford a careful ear; or if my *sports* invite me, I'll entertain them with a chearful heart. I'll goe to *Mattens* with as much devotion as my neighbour; I'll make as low *obeisance* and as just *responnds* as any: but as soon as *Even-song's* ended, my *Church-devotion* and my *Psalter* shall sanctifie my *Pue* till the next *Sabbath*

E 4

call.

call. Were it no more for an old *custome's* sake then for the *good* I find in Sabbaths, that *Ceremony* might as well be spared. It is a day of *Rest*: And what's a *Rest*? A relaxation from the toile of *labour*. And what is labour but a painful exercise of the frail body? But where the *exercise* admits no *toil*, there *Relaxation* makes no *Rest*. What labour is it for the *worldly* man to compass Sea and Land to accomplish his desires? What labour is it for the impatient *lover* to measure *Hellefpont* with his widened arms to hasten his *delight*? What labour for the *youth* to number musick with their sprightly *paces*? Where leisure's reconcil'd to labour, labour is but an *active rest*. Why should the Sabbath then, a *day of rest*, divorce from those delights that make thy *rest*? Afflict their souls that please; my *rest* shall be what most conduces to my hearts *delight*. Two hours will vent more *Praiers* then I shall need, the rest remains for *pleasure*.

His Extirpation.

Conscience, why start'st thou? A *judgment* strikes me from the mouth of Heaven, and saith,

Exod. 31. 14.

Whosoever doth any work on my Sabbath, his soul shall be cut off.

His Proofs.

Exod. 8, 9, &c.

Remember to keep holy the Sabbath-day: six daies shalt thou labour and doe all that thou hast t. doe: but the seventh day, &c.

Exod. 31. 13, 14.

Ye shall keep my Sabbath, for it is holy unto you. Verily my Sabbaths thou shalt keep, for this is a sign betwixt me and you, throughout your Generations. Luk. 23. 56.

And they returned and prepared spices and ointments, and rested on the Sabbath-day according to the Commandment.

Gregor.

We ought upon the Lord's day to rest from bodily labour, and wholly to addict our selves to prayers; that whatsoever hath been done amiss the week before, may upon the day of our Lord's resurrection be expiated and purged by fervent prayers.

Cyr. Alex.

Sin is the store-house of death and misery, it kindles flames for it's dearest friends. Therefore whosoever when he should rest from sin, busieth himself in the dead and fruitless works of wickedness, and renouncing all piety lusts after such things as will bring him into eternal destruction and everlasting flames, justly deserves to die and perish with the damned; because when he might have enjoy'd a pious rest, he laboured to run headlong to his own destruction.

His Soliloquie.

MY soul, how hast thou *profaned* that day thy God hath *sanctified* ! How hast thou *encroached* on that which Heaven hath *set apart* ! If thy impatience cannot act a Sabbath *twelve* *houres*, what happiness canst thou expect in a *perpetual* Sabbath ? Is *six daies too little* for thy self, and *two hours too much* for thy God ? O my soul, how dost thou prize *temporals* beyond *eternals* ? Is it equal that God who gave thee a body, and *six daies* to provide for it, should demand *one day* of thee, and be denied it ? How *liberal* a *Receiver* art thou, and how *miserable* a *Requiter* ! But know, my soul, his Sabbaths are the *Apple* of his eye. He that hath power to vindicate the *breach* of it, hath threatened judgments to the *breaker* thereof. The God of mercy that hath mitigated the *rigour* of it for charity sake, will not diminish the honour of it for profaneness sake. Forget not then, my soul, to remember his *Sabbaths*, and remember not to forget his *Judgments*, lest he forget to remember thee in *Mercy*. What thou hast neglected, bewail with *contrition*; and what thou hast repented, forsake with *resolution*; and what thou hast resolved, strengthen with *devotion*.

Anonym.

The true Sabbath is to rest from sin.

His Praier.

O Eternal, just and all-discerning Judge, in thy self glorious, in thy Son gracious, who triest without a witness, and condemnest without a Jury; O! I confess my very actions have betrai'd me, thy Word hath brought in evidence against me, my own conscience hath witnessed against me, and thy judgment hath past sentence against me: And what have I now to plead but my own *mifery*? and whether should that misery flee but to the God of *mercy*? And since, O Lord, the way to mercy is to leave my self, I here disclaim all interest in my self, and utterly renounce my self. I that was created for thy glory, have dishonoured thy Name: I that was made for thy service, have profaned thy *Sabbaths*: I have slighted thy *Ordinances*, and turned my back upon thy *Sanctuary*. I have neglected thy *Sacraments*, abused thy *Word*, despis'd thy *Ministers*, and contemned their *ministry*. I have come into thy Courts with an *unprovided* heart, and have drawn near with *uncircumcised* lips. And, Lord, I know thou art a jealous God, and most severe against all such as violate thy *Rest*. The glory of thy Name is precious to thee, and thine honour is as the Apple of thine eye. But thou, O God, that art the God of Hosts, hast published and declared thy self the Lord of mercy. The constitution of *Sabbath* was a work of *time*: but, Lord, thy

mercy

mercy is from all *eternity*. I that have *broke* thy *Sabbaths*, do here present thee with a broken heart: thy hand is not shortned that thou canst not heal, nor thy ear deafned that thou canst not hear. Stretch forth thine hand, O God, and heal my wounds; bow down thine ear, O Lord, and hear my *Praiers*. Alter the fabrick of my sinful heart: and make it tender of thy glory. Make me *ambitious* of thy *service*, and let thy *Sabbaths* be my whole delight. Give me a holy *reverence* of thy *Word*, that it may prove a light to my steps and a Lantern to my feet. Endue my heart with Charity and Faith, that I may find a comfort in thy *Sacraments*. Bless thou the *Ministers* of thy sacred Word, and make them holy in their lives, sound in their *Doctrine*, and laborious in their callings. Preserve the universal Church in these distracted times; give her Peace, Unity and Uniformity; purge her of all Schisme, Error and Superstition. Let the King's daughter be all glorious within, and let thine eyes take pleasure in her beauty; that being honour'd here to be a member of her Militant, I may be glorified with her Triumphant.

Anonym.

He that thinks it too much to keep a short Sabbath here, shall never be thought worthy to celebrate the eternal Sabbath hereafter.

The Censorious man's Crimination.

Know there is much of the seed of the *Serpent* in him by his very looks, if his words betray'd him not. He hath eaten the *Edge* of the *Cockatrice*, and surely he remaineth in the state of *perdition*. He is not within the *Covenant*, and abideth in the *Gall* of bitterness. His *Studied Praiers* shew him to be a high Malignant, and his *Jesu-worship* concludes him *popishly affected*. He comes not to our private meetings, nor contributes a penny to the Cause. He cries up learning and the Book of *Common-praier*, and takes no arms to hasten *Reformation*. He fears God for his own ends, for the spirit of *Antichrist* is in him. His eyes are full of *Adulteries*, he goes a whoing after his own inventions. He can hear an *Oath* from his Superior without reproof, and the *beastish Gods* named without spitting in his face. Wherefore my soul detesteth him, and I will have no *conversation* with him: for what fellowship hath *light* with *darkness*, or the pure in heart with the unclean? Sometimes he is a *Publican*, sometimes a *Pharisee*, and alwaies an *Hypocrite*. He railes against the *Altar* as loud as we, and yet he cringes and makes an *Idol* of the name of *Jesus*: he is quick-sighted at the infirmities of the Saints, and in his heart rejoiceth at our *failings*: he honours not a preaching *Ministry*, and too much

much leans to a *Church-government*: he paints *devotion* on his face, whilst *pride* is stamp'd within his heart: he places *sanctity* in the walls of a *Steeple-house*, and adores the *Sacrament* with his popish knee: his Religion is a *Weather-cock*, and turns *breast* to every *blast* of wind. With the pure he seems *pure*, and with the *wicked* he will joyn in *fellowship*. A *sober* language is in his mouth, but the *poison* of *Asps* is under his tongue. His works conduce not to *edification*, nor are the motions of his heart sanctified. He adores great ones for preferment, and speaks too partially of authority. He is a *Laodicean* in his faith, a *Nicollaitan* in his works, a *Pharisee* in his *disguise*, a *rank Papist* in his heart; and I thank my God I am not as this man.

His Commination.

But stay, my soul, take heed whilst thou judgest another, lest God judge thee: how com'st thou so expert in *another's* heart, being so often deceived in thy own? A *Saul* to day may prove a *Paul* to morrow. Take heed whilst thou wouldst seem *religious*, thou appear not *uncharitable*; and whilst thou judgest man, thou be not *judged* of God, who saith,

Matt. 7. 1.

Judge not, lest ye be judged.

His Proofs.

John 7. 24.

*J*udge not according to appearance, but judge
righteous judgment.

Rom. 14. 10.

*But why dost thou judge thy brother? or why
dost thou set at nought thy brother? We shall
all stand before the judgment-seat of Christ.*

1 Cor. 4. 5.

*Judge nothing before the time, until the Lord
come, who will both bring to light the hidden
things of darkness, and will make manifest the
counsel of the heart.*

Rom. 14. 13.

*Let us not therefore judge one another any more,
but judge this rather, that no man put a stum-
bling-block or accusation to fall in his bro-
thers way.*

God is judge himself. Psal. 50. 6.

S. August.

*Apparent and notorious iniquities ought both to
be reprov'd and condemn'd; but we should
never judge such things as we understand not,
nor can certainly know whether they be done
with a good or evil intent.*

S. August.

*When thou knowest not apparently, judge cha-
ritably; because it's better to think well of the
wicked, then by frequent censuring to suspect
an innocent man guilty of an offence.*

S. August.

*The unrighteous Judge shall be justly condem-
ned,*

His

His Soliloquie.

HA S thy brother, O my soul, a *beam* in his eye, and hast thou no *mote* in thine? Clear thine own, and thou wilt see the better to cleanse his. If a *Thief* be in his Candle, blow it not out, lest thou wrong the *flame*; but if thy *snuffers* be of Gold, snuff it. Has he offended thee? *Forgive* him. Hath he trespass'd against the Congregation? *Reprove* him. Hath he sinned against God? *Pray* for him. O my soul, how uncharitable hast thou been? How Pharisaically hast thou judg'd? Being sick of the *Jaundies*, how hast thou censur'd another *yellow*? and with *blotted* fingers made his *blur* the greater? How has the *pride* of thy own heart *blinded* thee toward thy self? How *quick-sighted* to another? Thy brother has *slipt*, but *thou* hast *fallen*, and hast blanch'd thy *impiety* with the publishing his *sin*. Like a *Flie*, thou stingest his sores, and feed'st on his corruptions. *Jesus* came eating and drinking, and was judg'd a *glutton*; *John* came fasting, and was challeng'd with a *devil*. Judge not, my soul, lest thou be judged: malign not thy brother, lest God laugh at thy destruction. Wouldst thou escape the punishment & judge thyself: Wouldst thou avoid the sin? *bumble* thyself.

His Praier.

O God that art the only searcher of the Reins, to whom the secrets of the heart of man are only known, to whom alone the judgment of our thoughts, our words and deeds belong, and to whose sentence we must stand or fall ; I a presumptuous sinner, that have thrust into thy place, and boldly have presumed to execute thy office, do here as humbly confess the insolence of mine attempt, and with a sorrowful heart repent me of my doings : and though my convinced conscience can look for nothing from thy wrathful hand but the same measure which I measured to another, yet in the confidence of that mercy which thou hast promised to all those that truly and unfeignedly believe, I am become an humble suiter for thy gracious pardon. Lord, if thou search me but with a favourable eye, I shall appear much more unrighteous in thy sight then this my uncharitably-condemned brother did in mine. O look not therefore, Lord, upon me as I am, lest thou abhor me ; but through the merits of my blessed Saviour cast a gracious eye upon me. Let his humility satisfy for my presumption, and let his meritorious sufferings answer for my vile uncharitableness. Let not the voice of my offence provoke thee with a stronger cry then the language of his Intercession. Remove from me, O God, all spiritual pride, and make me little in my own conceit. Lord,
light

light me to my self, that by thy light I may discern how dark I am. Lighten that darkneſs by thy holy Spirit, that I may ſearch into my own corruptions. And ſince, O God, all gifts and graces are but nothing, and nothing can be acceptable in thy ſight without charity, quicken the dulneſs of my faint affections, that I may love my brother as I ought. Soften my marble heart that it may melt at his infirmities. Make me careful in the examination of my own waies, and moſt ſevere againſt my own offences. Pull out the beam out of mine own eye, that I may ſee clearly, and reprove wiſely. Take from me, O Lord, all grudging, envy and malice, that my ſeaſonable reproofs may win my brother. Preſerve my heart from all cenſorious thoughts, and keep my tongue from ſtriking at his name. Grant that I make right uſe of his Infirmities, and reade good leſſons in his failings; that loving him in thee, and thee in him, according to thy command, we may both be united in thee as members of thee, that thou maiſt receive honour from our communion here, and we eternal glory from thee hereafter in the world to come.

Th. de Kempis.

There are two leſſons which God every day gives his elect: One, to ſee their own faults; the other, the goodneſs of God.

Th.

The Liar's Fallacies.

N Ay, if Religion be so strict a Law, to bind my tongue to the *necessity* of a truth on all occasions, at all times, and in all places, the gate is too *streight* for me to enter; or if the general rules of downright truth will admit no few *exceptions*, farewell all honest *mirth*, farewell all *trading*, farewell the whole *converse* betwixt man and man. If alwaies to speak punctual truth be the true *Symptom* of a blessed soul, *Tom Tell-troth* has a happy time, and *fools* and *children* are the only men. If *Truth* sit Regent, in what faithful breast shall *secrets* find repose? What *Kingdom* can be safe? What *Commonwealth* can be secure? What *War* can be successful? What *Stratagem* can prosper? If bloody times should force Religion to *shroud* itself beneath my roof, upon demand, shall my false truth *betray* it? Or shall my brother's life, or shall my own be seisd upon through the cruel truth of my downright *confession*? or rather not be secured by a fair *officious* lie? Shall the righteous Favorite of Egypt's Tyrant by virtue of a *loud lie* sweeten out his joy, and heighten up his soft affection with the *Antipe-ristasis* of *tears*? and may I not prevaricate with a sullen truth to save a brother's life from a bloud-thirsty hand? Shall *Jacob* and his too indulgent *Mother* conspire in a *lie* to purchase a paternal *blessing* in the false name and habit of a *supplanted brother*? and shall I question to
preserve

preserve the granted blessing of a *life* or *liberty* with a harmless lie? Come, come, my soul, let not thy timorous *conscience* check at such poor things as these. So long as thy officious tongue aims at a *just end*, a lie is no offence; so long as thy perjurious lips confirm not thy untruth with an *audacious* brow, thou needst not fear. The weight of the *cause* relieves the burthen of the *Crime*. Is thy *Center* good? No matter how crooked the lines of the *Circumference* be; *Policy* allows it. If thy *journies end* be Heaven, it matters not how full of Hell thy *journey* be; *Divinity* allows it. Wilt thou condemn the Egyptian *Midwives* for saving the *infant* Israelites by so merciful a *lie*? When *Martial execution* is to be done, wilt thou fear to *kill*? When *hunger* drives thee to the gates of death, wilt thou be affraid to *steal*? When *civil warrs* divide a Kingdom, will *Mercuries* decline a lie? No, circumstances *excuse*, as well as *make* the lie. Had *Cæsar*, *Scipio*, or *Alexander* been regulated by such *strict divinity*, their names had been as silent as their *dust*. A *lie* is but a fair *put-off*, the *sanctuary* of a secret, the *riddle* of a lover, the *stratagem* of a Souldier, the *policy* of a Statesman, and a *salve* for many desperate sores.

His Flames.

But hark, my soul, there's something rounds mine ear, and calls my language to a *Recantation*. The Lord hath spoken it,
Liers shall have their part in the lake which burneth with fire and brimstone, Revel. 21. 8.

His

His Proofs.

Thou shalt not raise a false Report. Ex. 20.
Levit. 19. 11.

Ye shall not deal falsly, neither lie one to another.
Prov. 12. 22.

Lying lips are abomination to the Lord: but they that deal truly are his delight.

Prov. 19. 5.

He that speaketh lies shall not escape.

Ephes. 4. 25.

Put away lying, and every one speak truth with his Neighbour: for we are members one of another.

Revel. 21. 27.

There shall in no wise enter into the new Jerusalem any thing that worketh abomination, or that maketh a lie.

S. August.

Whosoever thinks there's any kind of lie that is not a sin, shamefully deceives himself, mistaking a lying or coufening knave for a square or honest man.

Gregor.

Eschew and avoid all falshood: though sometime certain kinds of untruth are less sinful, as to tell a lie to save a mans life; yet because the Scripture saith, The lier slayeth his own soul, and God will destroy them that tell a lie, therefore Religious and honest men should alwaies avoid even the best sort of lie; neither ought another mans life to be secured by our falshood or lying, lest we destroy our own soul in labouring to secure another mans life.

His

His Soliloquie.

WHat a *child*, O my soul, hath thy false bo-
some harbour'd ! And what reward can
thy indulgence expect from such a *Father* ?
What blessing canst thou hope from Heaven,
that pleadest for the *Son* of the devil, and
crucifiest the *Son* of God ? God is the Father
of *Truth*. To secure thy estate thou deniest the
truth by framing of a *lie*: To save thy brother's
life thou opposest the *truth* in justifying a *lie*.
Now tell me, O my soul, art thou worthy the
name of a *Christian*, that deniest and opposest
the *nature* of Christ ? Art thou worthy of *Christ*,
that preferrest thy *estate* or thy brother's *life*
before him ? O my unrighteous soul, canst thou
hold thy brother worthy of death for giving
thee the *lie*, and thy self guiltless that *makest*
a *lie* ? I, but in some cases *truth* destroies
thy life ; a *lie* preserves it. My soul, was God
thy *Creator* ? then make not the devil thy *pre-*
server. Wilt thou despair to *trust* him with
thy life that *gave* it, and make him thy *Pro-*
tector that seeks to *destroy* it ? Reform thee and
repent thee, O my soul ; hold not thy life on
such conditions, but trust thee to the hands
that made thee.

S. Hierom.

Let not thy tongue know how to lie or swear ;
and let there be in thee so great a love of
truth, that thou account whatever thou saiest
as sealed with an Oath.

His

The Sinner's Sentence.

The *miserable* condition of *Man-kind*! What loads of self-made *miser*y are fallen upon the *sons of men*! Man that had once a power *not to fall*, hath not now the will to stand; and being fallen by his ambitious *will*, hath lost the *power to rise*. He was created *good*; but not content with such a goodness, grew covetous to encrease it by the knowledge of that which (being known) deprived him of that goodness. *Evil* he desired to know; and not knowing the misery of that knowledge, by that knowledge became miserable. That God, the sweetness of whose *presence* was the *perfection* of mans *felicity*, he rebelliously declined; and being the *Favourite* of Heaven, made himself a *firebrand* of Hell: and I, his miserable child, am made more miserable by my *own offences*. What *mercy* can I expect from this just God, whose *justice* I have so oft offended? What *judgment* may I now suspect from that merciful God whose *mercy* I have so oft abused? Is not the practice of my life, *Sin*? Are not the wages of my sin, *Death*? If *one sin* destroyed a world of men, shall not a *world of sins* destroy one man? I that have not feared to provoke his *Justice*, am now afraid to think him *Just*. I that have slighted his *mercy*, have now no warrant to hope him *merciful*.

ciful. He that *made* the eye, can he chuse but *see*? He that sees all things, beholds he not my *sin*? Can he behold my sin, and not *punish*? Can he punish, and I not *confounded*? What am I poor dust, and ashes to stand before so great an enemy? Did he not create me for his service, and shall not his hand destroy me for my *Rebellion*? What *Advocate* shall plead my cause? What *Sanctuary* shall secure me? Shall that *Bloud* save me which I have spilt? Will that Judge quit me which I have crucified? Shall I present my praiera to Heaven? Alas! my very praiera will return like *Thunderbolts* upon my head. Shall I lay my sins before the eye of heaven? Ah me! I dare not, lest they draw down vengeance into my bosome.

His Sanctuary.

Be not afraid, my soul, God's mercy far transcends thy misery. Cheer up; where sin abounds, there *grace* abounds much more. O now, my soul, depart in *peace*, for thine eyes shall see thy *salvation*. Open thine ears and hear what the Spirit saith.

John 11. 26

He that believeth in me shall never die.

His Proofs.

Rom. 1. 17.

THe just shall live by Faith.

John 3. 16.

God so loved the world, that he gave his only-begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him shall not perish, but have everlasting life.

Acts 16. 31.

Believe on the Lord Jesus, and thou shalt be saved, and thy household.

John 5. 24.

Verily, verily, I say unto you, He that heareth my word, and believeth on him that sent me, hath everlasting life, and shall not come into condemnation, but is passed from death unto life.

Chrysost.

The faith of the true Catholick Religion is the light of the soul, and the gate of life, and the foundation of eternal happiness.

Cassiod.

Man enjoys all things in himself that enjoys himself; but he only enjoys himself that enjoys his God; and he alone enjoys his God that believes in him.

August.

No greater treasure then the true Catholick faith: It gives to the blind light, to the sick health, to sinners Repentance, to the penitent salvation.

His Soliloquie.

But is thy *miser*y, O my soul, greater than
 his *mercy*? 'Tis true, the practice of thy life
 is *sin*, but the practice of his Mercy is *pardon*:
 The wages of thy sin is *death*, but the merits
 of his death is *life*. Art thou afraid to think the
 God of Vengeance *just*? and well thou mayst
 if thou deny the God of Mercy to be *merciful*.
 Old *Adam* hath run thee in *debt*, and young
Adam hath paid the *score*, and wilt thou not
 acknowledge it? O my distrustful soul, darken
 not the Sun-shine of his power with the clouds
 of thy *infidelity*; Eclipse not the illustrious
 body of his Mercy with the interposition of
 thy *despair*. Think not thy great Creator is
 thine enemy, when thy gracious Redeemer is
 thy friend. Hast thou sinned against thy Crea-
 tion? thou art absolved by thy Redemption.
 Art thou penitent for thy rebellion? thy peace
 is made by thy Redeemer. But thou hast shed
 thy Saviour's *Bloud*: Take comfort, that very
 blood which thou hast spilt will *save* thee.
 But thou hast crucified the Lord of glory: The
 Lord of glory, whom thou hast crucified, hath
 crucified thy *sins*. Fear not then, my soul, to
 flie to such a *Friend*, whose arms are open to
embrace thee, whose eyes are open to *behold*
 thee, whose lips are open to *plead* for thee,
 whose wounds are open to ease thy *pains*, whose
 ears are open to hear thy *Prayers*.

His Prayer.

O God, that madest all things to serve Man, that Man might the more chearfully serve thee, that gavest him power to continue in that perfect state thou madest him, and a will to use that power to thy glory and his own comfort ; I the *unhappy* son of my unhappy parents, made *more unhappy* by mine own transgressions, do here in all humility and contrition acknowledge my self the *miserable subject* of thy utter *wrath*. Lord, I have lost the power to doe what thou commandest, and am only left to suffer what thy displeasure shall lay upon me. But yet, O God, thy mercy is no less infinite then thy justice, and far more infinite then my sins, and thou hast promised life to all believers. Give therefore dust and ashes leave, O Lord, to claim this gracious *Promise* ; and what thou hast commanded to be done, O give me power to doe. Enter not into judgment with thy servant, O Lord, for in thy sight shall no flesh be justified. Look not upon thy servant, O God, but through the Blood of thy Son ; and let the *merits* of a *Saviour* out-cry the *demerits* of a *Sinner*. Remember not what I a sinner have *done*, but call to thy remembrance what he my Saviour hath *suffered*. O let his bloody *sweat* anoint my bleeding wounds, and accept his *death* as the full wages of my offences. Lord, I am sick, I flie to him as my *Physician* ; I am a trespasser, I flie

o him my *advocate* ; I am a suiter, I flie to him my *Mediatour* ; I am a Delinquent, I flie to him my *Sanctuary* ; I am a sinner. I flie to him my *Saviour*. Let the shamefulness of his *death* expiate the sinfulness of my *life* ; and let the willingness of his *Obedience* satisfie for the wilfulness of my *Rebellion*. Let my sins, that cry louder then the sins of *Cain*, be wash'd in his *bloud*, which speaks better things then the bloud of *Abel*. Remember thy *Promises* to those that believe. Lord, I believe ; Lord, help my unbelief. Quicken my soul with *faith*, inflame my affections with *love*, and fill my mouth with *prayers* : that knowing him, I may believe in him ; and believing in him, I may love him ; and loving him, I may praise him with *Hosannah's* here in the Church militant, and *Hallelujah's* hereafter in the Church Triumphant.

Boeth.

There lies on us a great necessity of doing well, since we doe all things under the eyes of that Judge that sees all.

The

The Poor man's Want.



GOD that created all things for man's
 use, created man for his service,
 who by the accommodation of all
 the *Creatures* might be enabled
 the better to doe service to his
Creatour. But when the proud
 disloyalty of man rebelled, the *Creature*, that
 knew not how to serve man on such condi-
 tions, returned to his first *Creatour*, to be a new
 disposed of by him according to his pleasure.
 How dare I then presume to expect from his
 hands what I have disinherited my self of by
 my *Rebellion*? Or how can I a *dog* claim any
 interest in the *Childrens bread*? How dare I a
sinner intrude into the *portion* of the *righteous*?
 And if the *righteous* only shall inherit the
 Land, in what quarter lies mine inheritance?
 If *blessings* be the proper daes of *sons*,
 what is due to me the greatest of all *sinners*? I
 am no Son, and therefore no *Heir*; insomuch
 that what I possess I enjoy not by *right*,
 but *usurpation*. What have I that I can call
 mine own? Or wherein can my *title* prove
 a *right*? I am wretched, for I am a *sinner*;
 I am poor, for I want the thing I have; I am
 blind, for I cannot see my wants; I am naked,
 for I cannot hide my shame. I can challenge
 nothing but my sin, my sorrow, my punish-
 ment, my shame. I can see nothing but that I
 am wretched, and poor, and blind, and naked.

I can expect nothing but what I first must receive. I can receive nothing but what must first be given. Nothing can be given but by *Praier*. *Praier* hath no virtue but by *Faith*; and whatsoever is not of faith is *sin*. How then shall I supply this *emptiness*? By what means shall I relieve my *wants*? By what art shall I clear this *blindness*? What cloaths shall hide my *nakedness*? If I pray for what I want, I fear I shall not want what I deserve. I am a *Prodigal*, and have spent my *talent*; I have divorced my presence from my angry *Father*; I am not worthy to be called his *Son*, and he too worthy to be called my *Father*; I have forsaken my *God*, and his *blessings* have forsaken me; I that have banish'd my self from my *Father's* bounteous table, am now marshall'd among *swine*.

His Supply.

Return, return thee, O my soul, into thy Father's arms: Confess thy wants, and his mercy will relieve thee, who faith,

John 16. 23.

Whatsoever ye shall ask my Father in my name, he shall give it unto you..

His Proofs.

1 Joh. 5. 14, 15.

AND this is the confidence we have in him: If we ask any thing according to his will, he heareth us. If we know he heareth us, whatsoever we ask, we know we have the petitions we desire of him.

Joh. 14. 13, 14.

Whatsoever ye ask in my name that will I doe, that the Father may be glorified in the Son. If ye ask any thing in my name, I will doe it.

Matt. 7. 7.

Ask, and it shall be given you; seek, and you shall find; knock, and it shall be opened to you.

Psal. 21. 4.

He asked life of thee, and thou gavest it him, even length of daies for ever and ever.

Isidor.

He that obeys not the Law of God, obtains not the thing he desires of God; but if we faithfully perform what he commands, we shall doubtless receive what we desire.

Ambr.

We have all things in Christ, and Christ is all things in us. If we are sick, he is a Physician; if we fear death, he is life; if in darkness, he is light; if in want, he is abundance; if hungry, he is food; if thirsty, he is drink; if miserable, he is mercy; if covetous of Heaven, he is the way.

His

His Soliloquie.

IF thy own Righteousness only interest thee in Heaven, or hadst thou no better title to the blessing of earth than from thy self, how vain were the *merits* of a *Saviour*, and how poor were the *estate* of a *Sinner*? But having no righteousness but in *him*, thou hast no interest in any blessing but by *him*. Art thou poor in estate, O my soul? find him, and thou art *rich*. Art thou wretched? seek him, and thou hast *happiness*. Blinded with error? seek him, and thou art enlightened with *truth*. Naked? find him, and thou shalt be clothed with *Robes*. Challenge nothing but thy *sin*, and thou shalt enjoy all things by thy *Repentance*. Be sensible of thy *misery*, and thou art capable of his *mercy*. Hast thou wasted thy portion with the Prodigal? return to thy *Father*, like the Prodigal. Acknowledge thy own *unworthiness*, and thy father's *indulgence* will embrace thee. Let not the sins of thy own *wretchedness* discourage thee, nor the fear of his *displeasure* dishearten thee. Can an earthly mother forget her *child*? and canst thou distrust the mercies of a heavenly *Father*? Go then, my soul, flie into his bosome by *contrition*, groan thy sorrows in his ear by penitent *confession*. He that hath called thee, will *accept* thee: He that hath commanded thee to pray, will hear thy *Prayer*.

His Praier.

O God, that art the Creatour and giver of all good things, by which we are either made the more serviceable to thee, or the more inexcusable in neglecting thy service; I a poor off-cast among the sons of *Adam*, who like the *Prodigal* have mispent thy precious blessing, do here return from *busks* and *Harlots* and the leud *concupiscence* of my affections, to thee my gracious God, to thee, O my offended Father. I have usurp'd thy favours, intruded into thy blessings, and like a *Dog* devour'd the childrens bread. O God, my wants are great; nay, what I have, I want, in wanting thee, that art all goodness, *All in All*. But yet thy gracious promise hath invited me to call on thee in my necessities. Be it therefore, O God, according to thy Word. Thy Word is *Truth*; Thy Truth is everlasting. Lord, as thou hast made me sensible of my wants, so make me capable of thy relief. Remove my *wretchedness* by thy *Mercy*; Relieve my *poverty* by thy all-sufficient *Grace*; Recover my *blindness* by thy *Light*; Cover my *nakedness* with thy *Robe*. Be thou my *Portion*, O God, and let thy Laws be mine inheritance. Hear the needy when he calls upon thee, and help the poor that hath no helper. Thou art my hope, O God, thou art my trust even from my mother's Womb. Make me sufficient for thy *Grace*, and thy *Grace* shall be sufficient for me.

Provoke

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Provoke in my soul a thirst after righteousness, that I may take and drink the Cup of thy salvation. Teach me to *ask* according to thy *pleasure*, and grant my Requests according to thy *promise*. Strengthen my Faith in all my *Supplications*, and give me *patience* to expect thy leisure. What I possess, O God, let me enjoy in Thee, and *Thee* in it. Relieve my necessities according to thy will, and let thy pleasure limit my desires. In my *Prosperity* let me not forget thee, and in my *Adversity* let me not forsake thee. With *Jacob's* wealth, Lord, give me *Jacob's* blessing; with *Lazarus's* want, O give me *Lazarus's* reward. Both in want and wealth give me a *contented mind*: both in prosperity and adversity give me a *thankful heart*. Lord, hear my prayer for thy mercy's sake, for my miseries sake, for thy promise sake, for my Jesus sake, to whom be glory and praise for ever and ever.

S. August.

Thy gold cannot doe to thee the office of silver, thy mine cannot be thy bread, nor the light cool thy thirst; but thy God can be all things to thee.

Matt. 6. 33.

Seek ye first the Kingdom of God and his righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you.

Ths

The Forgetful man's Complaint.

WE are God's *husbandry* : our hearts are the *soil*, whereof some is more *fruitful*, some more *barren*, and both unprofitable; his holy Word is the *seed*, which sometimes falls upon a *lean ground*, sometimes upon a *stony*, sometimes upon a *good ground*; the *cares* of the world are like *thorns* that spring up and choke it; *Persecutions*, like a *foultry summer*, scorch it; the *lusts* of the flesh, like the *fouls* of the air, which wait upon the *Plough*, and licens'd by the Prince of the air, devour it. How many disadvantages, O God, attend upon thy *husbandry*? how many losses lessen thy *increase*? how many accidents make thy *soil* unfruitful, and thy *Harvest* easie and unprofitable? To what purpose do I till my *land*? To what advantage do I stir my *fallows*? I have no sooner sowed my willing ground, but the seed is stoln away. I bring into the *Sanctuary* a *prepared heart*; I hear *glad tidings* with a *cheerful ear*, and then repose them in a *joyful breast*: But when I look into my hopeful *Magazine*, behold there's nothing there but *emptiness* and *vanity*. The joys of what I *gained* were swallowed with the grief of what I lost. No sooner had I set my portals open to let in the King of *glory*, but lo, the slightness of my *entertainment* turn'd him out again. I hid my *Saviour* in the *Sepulchre* of my soul; and they have taken away my Lord,

Lord, and I know not where they have laid him : my Beloved withdrew himself, and is gone, and I have sought him, but I could not find him. O treacherous *Memory* ! how hast thou betrayed my *rest* ? how hast thou lost the balsam of thy Soul ? How art thou heedless in preserving what my poor soul was so earnest in pursuing ? How canst thou chuse but feel the stroke of death, having thus lost the Word of life ? What shall now comfort thee in thy *Afflictions* ? O what shall strengthen thee in thy *Temptations* ? or what shall wind up the plummets of thy soul in *Desperation* ?

His Consolation.

Chear up, my soul : the *Pearl* which thou hast lost is hidden in thy *field*, and time shall bring it forth ; when sharp *Afflictions* shall plough up the fallows of thy heart, this *Pearl* shall then appear and comfort thee. Turn and reade what the Spirit saith.

John 14. 26.

*The holy Spirit shall bring to your remembrance
whatsoever I have said unto you.*

His

His Proofs.

John 15. 26.

When the Comforter shall come, whom I will send from the Father, even the Spirit of truth which proceedeth from the Father, he shall testify of me.

1 John 2. 27.

The anointing which ye have received of him abides in you, and ye need not that any man teach you; but as the same anointing teacheth you of all things, and is truth, and is no lie: and even as it hath taught you, ye shall abide in him.

Greg. in Moral.

After what manner works the holy Spirit in us? It instructs, it moves, it admonishes; it instructs the Reason, it moves the Will, it admonishes the Memory.

Bede.

There is no dulness where the holy Spirit is Teacher, no forgetfulness where the holy Spirit is Remembrancer.

Greg.

The holy Spirit is an antidote against seven poisons. It is wisdom against folly, quickness of apprehension against dulness, faithfulness of memory against forgetfulness, fortitude against fear, knowledge against ignorance, piety against profaneness, humility against pride.

His

His Soliloquie.

THe strongest City (when force without and treachery within assails it) must yield ; and canst thou expect, O my soul, to be impregnable? Hast thou the *Devil* and the *World* without thee, and so many Regiments of *lusts* within thee, yet thinkest thou to sustain no loss? Art thou so unexperienced in the Christian war, to think thy *Magazine* safe upon so strong a siege? Thou storest thy heart with plenty of the *bread of life*, and canst thou hope to keep it from the ravenous hand of thy own *corruptions*? Thou sowest thy ground with liberal seed, and thinkest thou that the Fowls of the aire (being *Lucifer's* own regiment) will not *rob* thee of a share? Thou fillest thy *Treasury* with sums of wealth, and canst thou hope the *Troops* within thee will not plunder thee? Vex not thy self, my soul; what's taken from thee with too strong an arm, shall be no loss to thee. Consent not, but continue loyal, and thy *compulsions* shall never wrong thee. If thy domestick *Rebels* sequester thy whole estate, thy loyalty shall preserve thee. Cheer thee, O then, my soul: the *Comforter* will come, and then thy *Faith* shall be repaid, thy wrongs shall be repaired ; till then, thy *sufferings* shall be remembered, and then thy *Petitions* shall be regarded.

His Praier.

O God, without whose special blessing and successe *Paul* plants in vain and *Apollo* waters to no purpose, that with the influence of thy holy *Spirit* enrichest all those hearts from whom thy patience shall expect increase; I, the worst piece of all thy Husbandry, do here acknowledge and confess mine own *barrenness*, as most unworthy of thy pains. Lord, thou hast often ploughed my heart with *trials* and *afflictions*, manured it with the presence of thy Heavenly grace, and sowed it with thy pure *Seed*; yet such is the base condition of my unfruitful heart, that either the *coldness* of the soil starves it, or the *cares* of the world choke it, or the *malice* of the Devil robs it, that it cannot bring forth increase worthy of thy pains or expectation. Lord, I am thy *husbandry*, continue thy careful hand upon me, and supply my weakness with thy strength, and make me fruitful for thy glory. And thou, O God, that hast given thy word for a *Lamp* unto my feet and a *light* unto my paths, so open mine eyes, that I may behold the frailty of my *flesh*; so clear my sight, that I may avoid the vanities of the *World* and the snares of *Satan*. Be thou my *Skreen* to preserve this Lamp: Be thou my *Lantern* to protect this Light, that the corruptions of my *flesh* may not obscure it, that the vanities of the *World* may not eclipse it, that the suggestions of *Satan* may not consume it.

it. Unlock mine eares, that I may hear what thou commandest. Lock thou my memory, that I may retain what I hear. Enlarge my heart, that I may practise what I retain: and open thou my *lips*, that I may praise thee in my practice. Consider, O God, how I love thy *Precepts*, and quicken me according to thy loving kindness. Hide thy *Word* in my heart, that my waies may be directed to keep thy *Statutes*. Remember thy word to thy servant upon which thou hast caused me to hope. Behold I am weak, be thou my helper: Behold I am comfortless, be thou my comforter. Restraine his malice that steals thy word from out thy ground, that when the time cometh, thy *Harvest* may be fruitful, and I thy servant being found faithful may enter into my Master's joy, and be received into eternal Glory.

S. Hieron.

We are all careful about small matters, and negligent in the greatest; of which this is the reason, We know not where true felicity is.

The

The Widow's Distress.

O vain, so momentany are the pleasures of this world, so transitory is the happiness of mankind, that what with the expectation that goes before it, the cares that go with it, and the griefs that follow it, we are not more unhappy in the wanting it, then miserable in the enjoying it. The greatest of all worldly joys are but bubbles full of air, that break with the fulness of their own vanity; and but at best like *Jonah's* Gourd, which please us while they last, and vex us in the loise. Past and future happiness are the miseries of the time present; and present happiness is but the passage to approaching misery; which being transitory, and meeting with a transitory possessor, perish in the very using. What was mine yesterday in the blessedness of a full fruition, to day hath nothing left of it but a sad remembrance, it was mine. The more I call to mind the joies I had, the more sensible I am of the misery I have. My *Sun* is set, my glory is darkened, and not one star appears in the *Firmament* of my little world. He from whose loins I came, is taken from me: He to whose bosome I returned, is taken from me. My Blessing in the one, my Comforts in the other, are taken from me: And what is left to me but a poor third part of my self to bewail

bewail the loss of the other two. I that was owned by the tender name of a *Child*, am now known by the off-cast title of an *Orphan*. I that was respected by the honourable title of a *Wife*, am now rejected by the despicable name of a *Widow*. I that flourish'd like a fruitful vine upon the house top, am now neglected and troden under foot. He that like a strong wall supported my tender *Branches* is fallen, and left my *Clusters* to the spoil of ravenous swine. The Spring-tides of my Plenty are spent, and I am gravelled on the low ebbs of all wants. The *Sonnets* of my mirth are turned to Elegies of mourning. My *Glory* is put out, and my honour grovels in the dust. I call to my friends, and they neglect me: I spread forth my hands, and there is none to help me. My beauty is departed from me, and all my joys are swallowed up.

Her Relief.

But stay, my soul, plunge not too far: shall not he take that gave? cannot he that took restore? The Lord is thy portion, who saith,

Psal. 68. 5.

I will be an husband to the widow, and a Father to the fatherless.

Her

Her Proofs.

Exod. 22. 22, 23, 24.

YE shall not afflict any widow, or fatherless child.

If thou afflict them in any wise, and they cry at all unto me, I will surely hear their cry : And my wrath shall wax hot, and I will kill you with the sword, and your wives shall be widows, and your children fatherless.

Mal. 3. 5.

I will be a swift witness against those that oppress the widow and the fatherless.

James 1. 27.

Pure Religion and undefiled before God and the Father is this, to visit the fatherless and widow in their affliction.

August.

God is all things to thee. Art thou hungry ? he is bread : Art thou thirsty ? he is water : Art thou in darkness ? he is light : Art thou naked ? he is a Robe of eternity : Art thou a Widow ? he is thy Husband : Art thou an Orphan ? he is thy Father.

Idem.

Whatsoever is not God is not desirable. Whatsoever my God bestows upon me, let him deprive me of, so as he leave himself : Let him take away his gift, so he give me the giver.

Her

Her Soliloquie.

How hath the *Sun-shine* of truth discovered
 what appeared not by the *Candle-light* of
 Nature ! How many *Atoms* in thy soul hath
 this light descried, which in thy natural *Twilight*
 were not visible ! Excessive sadness for so
 great a *loss* can want no Arguments from *flesh*
 and *bloud*, which Arguments can want no
 weight ; if weighed in the partial *balance* of
 Nature. A Husband is thy self *divided* ; thy
 Children thy self *multiplied* : for whom (when
 snatch'd away) God allows some *grains* to thy
 affections ; but when they exceed the allow-
 ance, they will not pass in Heaven's account,
 but must be coin'd again. Couldst thou so of-
 ten offend thy God without a tear ? and can-
 not he, my soul, displease thee once without so
 many ? Doth the want of spiritual *graces* not
 trouble thee ? and shall a *temporal loss* so much
 torment thee ? Is thy Husband taken away, and
 art thou cast down. Hath thy God promised
 to be thy husband, and art thou not *comforted* ?
 True symptoms of more *flesh* than *spirit*. Thy
 husband was the *gift*, thy God the *giver* ; and
 wilt thou more disprize the *giver* than the *gift* ?
 Be wise, my soul : if thou hast lost a *man*, thou
 hast found a *God* : having therefore wet thy
 wings in natures *shower*, go and dry them in the
 God of Nature's *Sun-shine*.

His Prayer.

O God, in the knowledge of whom is the perfection of all joy, at whose right hand pleasures are evermore; that makest the *Comforts* of this life momentary, that we may not over-prize them, and yet hast made them requisite, that we may not undervalue them; I a late *harer* in this worldly happiness, but a sad witness of its vanity, do here address my self to thee the only *crown* of all my joys, in whom there is no *variableness*, nor shadow of *change*. Lord, thou didst give me what my unthankfulness hath taken from me, but thou hast taken from me what thy goodness hath promised to supply. Thou hast given and thou hast taken, blessed be thy name for ever. Thou then, O God, who art not less able to perform then willing to promise, whose mercy is more ready to bestow then my misery is to beg, strengthen my *faith*, that I may believe thy *promise*; encourage my *hopes*, that I may expect thy *performance*; quicken my affections, that I may love the Promiser. Be thou *all* in *all* to me, that am nothing at all without thee. Sweeten my misery with the sense of thy mercy, and lighten my darkness with the Sun of thy *glory*. Seal in my heart the assurance of adoption, that I may with boldness call thee my Father. Sanctifie my affections with the Spirit of *meekness*, that my conversation may testify that I am thy child. Wean my heart from worldly
H sorrow,

sorrow, lest I mourn like them that have no hope. Be thou my Bridegroom, and let our marriage-Chamber be my heart. Own me as thy Bride, and purifie me with the odours of thy Spirit. Prevent me with thy blessings; Protect me by thy Grace; Preserve me for thy self; Prepare me for thy Kingdom. Be thou a Father to bless me; Be thou a Husband to comfort me. In the midst of my want, be thou my plenty: In the depth of my mourning, be thou my mirth. Raise my glory from the dust, and then my dust shall shew forth thy praise. Be thou a wall to support my Vine, and let my branches twine about thee: let them flourish in the Sun-shine of thy Grace, that they may bring forth fruit to the glory of thy Name.

Chrys.

Nothing is more rich then he that undergoes a willing poverty, and bears it with a religious cheerfulness.

S. Basil.

Before we doe any thing else, be we careful to consecrate the first-fruits of the day and the very beginnings of our holy thoughts unto the service of God.

The

The Afflicted man's Trouble.

Which way soever I turn mine eyes,
 I see nothing but spectacles of *miser-*
ery, and emblems of *mortality*.
 If I look up, there I behold an *an-*
gry God, and I am troubled :
 Look downwards, there I see a prepared *Hell*,
 and I am terrified. Look on my right hand, and
 there prosperity emboldens me to a secure *pre-*
sumption : Look on my left hand, and there
 adversity enforces me to a sad despair. Look a-
 bout me, and there I find legions of *temptations*
 beleaguering me : Look within me, and there I
 see a guilty *conscience* accusing me. In all which
 I perceive nothing but *miser*y, nothing but
man; and in that misery, that *periphrase* of man,
 Man that is born of a woman hath but a short
 time to live, and is full of trouble. Were not
 man's time short, man were the miserablest of
 all creatures, and I the miserablest of all men.
 I am still haunted with three Enemies, the
World, the *Flesh*, and the *Devil*. The *World*
 troubles me with her *cares* : the *Flesh* troubles
 me with *infirmities* : the *Devil* troubles me
 with *temptations*. If I am rich, I am troubled
 with *fears*, to lose ; if poor, I am troubled
 with *cares*, to get : if single, troubled to seek a
 wife ; if married, troubled to please a wife :
 If I have children, every child is a new
 trouble ; if childless, I am as much troubled
 for an heir ; If sick, troubled with *distempers*
 H 2 and

and *drugs*; if *sound*, troubled with *lust*, or *labour*: if in my business, troubled with *vexation*; if in my devotion, troubled with *distraction*. Man that is born of a woman hath but a short time, and is full of trouble. Where shall I turn me to avoid this *toil*? What steps shall I tread to escape this trouble? Shall I incline my heart to *mirth*? Mirth is but madness, therefore trouble. Shall I quicken my spirits with plenteous *wine*? In much wine is much distraction, therefore trouble. Or shall my wiser heart search out the bounds of *knowledge*? In much wisdom is much grief; and who encreaseth knowledge encreaseth trouble. Whom shall I call to aid? To whom shall I address my sad complaints? Call to my *kindred*, they disclaim me: Call to my *friends*, and they deride me. O that I had the wings of a *Dove*, that I might flie away and be at rest. But whether wouldst thou flie?

His Deliverance.

Flie from thy self, my soul, and hast thee to that voice that saies,

Psal. 50. 15.

Call upon me in the time of trouble, and I will hear thee.

His Proofs.

Pfal. 91. 15.

I *E shall call upon me, and I will answer him;
I will be with him in trouble, I will deliver
him and honour him.*

Pfal. 54. 7.

*He hath delivered me out of all my troubles, and
mine eyes have seen their desire upon mine
enemies.*

2 Cor. 1. 4.

*He comforteth us in all our tribulations, that we
may be able to comfort them that are in any
trouble, by the comfort whereby we our selves
are comforted of God.*

Pfal. 81. 7.

*Thou calledst to me in trouble, and I delivered
thee : I answered thee in the secret place of
thunder.*

Greg. Mag.

*it is the work and providence of God's secret
counsel, that the daies of the Elect should be
troubled in their pilgrimage. This present life
is the way to our long home : God therefore in
his secret wisdom afflicts our travel with con-
tinual trouble, lest the delight of our journey
might take away the desire of our journey's end.*

Bernard.

*This life is replenish'd with so many evils, that
death is rather a remedy then a punishment ;
God therefore hath made it short, that seeing
the troubles thereof cannot be removed from
us, we may the sooner be removed from them.*

His Soliloquie.

BE wise, my Soul, and what thou canst not remedy, *endure*. Doth the *World* trouble thee? Cling close to him that hath overcome the *World*. Doth the *Flesh* trouble thee? Mortifie the *Flesh* in thy members. Doth the *Devil* trouble thee? Resist the *Devil*, and he will flie from thee. Art thou troubled with cares in thy *Abundance*? Be not too careful for to *morrow*. Art thou troubled with wants in thy *Adversity*? Be contented with the Bread of to *day*. Doth *Sickness* trouble thee? Make use of it, and submit. Doth strength of constitution trouble thee with *Concupiscence*? *Fa*st and *pray*. In thy vocation art thou troubled with *Vexation*? Let those *vexations* wean thee from the *World*. Is thy devotion troubled with *Distractions*? Let those *distractions* bring thee closer to thy God. Do *Losses* trouble thee? Make *Godliness* thy gain. Do *Crosses* trouble thee? Make the *Cross* thy Meditation. Thus whilst thou strugglest against the *stream* of Nature, thou shalt be carried with a gale of Grace; and when thy strength shall fail thee, a stronger arm shall strengthen thee. He that brings thee on with courage, will fetch thee off with conquest. Doe what thou canst, and pray for what thou canst not.

His Prayer.

O God that art the searcher of all hearts, the Revenger of all iniquity, the comforter of all true penitents, whose waies are inscrutable, whose judgments are intolerable, whose mercy is incomprehensible; I thy *afflicted* suppliant, sensible of thy displeasure, bewail the multitude of my offences, and am convinced by my own Conscience and thy *fatherly corrections*: which way soever I look I see nothing but sin and death, nothing but misery. But, Lord, so infinite is thy mercy above my sin, and so little pleasure takest thou in the destruction of a sinner, that thou hast commanded me to call upon thee in my *trouble*, and hast promised to hear me. In due obedience therefore to thy sweet Command, and in firm confidence of thy gracious Promise, my bended knees, O God, present thee with a *broken Heart*. Thy sacrifices, O God, are a contrite spirit; a broken heart, O Lord, thou wilt not despise. Lord, I am weak, strengthen me with thy Grace; Mine enemies are strong, weaken them with thy power: Suppress the cares of the World that so *oppress* me; subdue the exorbitances of the Flesh that so *molest* me; curb the insolencies of the Devil that so *afflict* me; endue my arm with power, and arm my heart with *patience*. Make hast, O God, to hear me; make speed, O Lord, to help me. Break not thy Covenant with thy servant,

O God, nor alter what thy lips have uttered. Remember thy promise to the son of thy Handmaid, for it is my comfort in all my trouble. I call to thee in the time of my distress: deliver me, O God, according to thy Word. Consider, O Lord, I am but dust: O magnifie thy power in my weakness. Remember, O God, that I have been long *afflicted*: O magnifie thy mercy in my deliverance: For in death there is no remembrance of thee, and in the grave what tongue can praise thee? My bones are *vexed*, and my soul is troubled; but thou, O Lord, how long? how long? Behold my griefs, for they are great: Regard my *troubles*, for they are many. Quicken my soul for thy Name's sake, and bring me out of all my troubles; then shall my soul rejoice in thy salvation, and magnifie thy Name for ever and ever.

S. Aug.

No servant of Christ is without affliction. If you expect to be free from persecution, you have not yet so much as begun to be a Christian.

S. Paul.

Through many tribulations we must enter into the Kingdom of God.

The

The Deserted man's Misery.

When I consider but the goodness
 of my God in offering his graci-
 ous favours to me, and my own
 vileness in refusing of such gra-
 cious offers, I cannot chuse but
 wonder at his mercy, in that I
 live, and am not snatch'd away from the possibi-
 lity of *Repentance*. But ah! what comfort is a
 life that is branded with the *mark* of death?
 And what happiness is this *possibility* of Repen-
 tance, which hath no strength to actuate it but
 thy own? My soul, in what a case art thou? In-
 to what a miserable estate art thou reduced?
 Thou hast forsaken thy God, and I fear thy God
 hath forsaken thee. Methinks I want the glory
 of that *Sun* that once revived me; methinks
 I lack the Comfort of those *beams* that once
 refresh'd me: methinks I fear where no
 fear is, and where I most should fear, I
 find my self no whit afraid. Those heavenly
Raptures which heretofore surprized my ra-
 vish'd soul, have now no relish in my drow-
 zie ear: Those heart-confounding Judg-
 ments whose very whispers in former times
 would split my soul in sunder, now move not
 if they thunder: Those sinful thoughts that
 prest my soul like Mil-stones, can now be
 acted and re-acted without a sigh: Those hea-
 venly *Prophets* whose presence filled me with
 delight, now trouble not my patience with
 their

their absence. My heart is a lump of *dead flesh*, my soul is stricken with a *dead palsy*, my affections with a *Lethargy*. My zeal is frozen, my faith is bed-rid, my charity is dead, and my greatest grief is that I cannot grieve. The *mark of Cain* is upon me, and I fear that every beast that meets me will devour me. O my soul, what comfort can remain with thee, when the God of comfort hath forsaken thee? What *safety* canst thou find, when thou hast lost the God of peace? What would I not forgoe, that I might re-obtain my God? What pleasure would I not abjure, that I might regain his gracious pleasure?

His Comfort.

Chear up, my soul; who gives thee a *heart* to desire, will likewise give thee thy *heart's desire*. Let not his seeming absence dismay thee: The sense of his absence is the *Symptome* of his presence. Let his Word be an *Antidote* for thy despair, which saith,

Isa. 54. 7.

*For a small moment have I forsaken thee, but
with great mercies will I gather thee.*

His

His Proofs.

Deut. 4. 31.

THE Lord thy God is a merciful God; he will not forsake thee, neither destroy thee, nor forget the Covenant of thy fathers, which he swore unto them.

2 Cor. 4. 9.

We are persecuted, but not forsaken.

Josh. 1. 5.

I will not fail thee nor forsake thee.

Nehem. 9. 31.

For thy great mercy's sake thou didst not utterly consume them nor forsake them; for thou art a gracious and a merciful God.

Ambr.

Let no man despair; let none conscious of his old sins make himself incapable of divine grace: For God knows how to change his sentence, if man endeavours to forsake his sin.

Bernard.

When-ever thou feelest the burthen of temptation too heavy upon thee, call him that is thy helper, invoke thy keeper, and thy aid in all extremities; and say, Lord, save us, for we perish. This keeper never sleeps nor slumbers; though for a time he seems afar off, fear not, he will not leave thee nor forsake thee.

His Soliloquie.

IF thy *breath*, O my soul, fail thee but a minute, thou diest; if thy *health* forsake thee awhile, thou languishest; if thy *sleep* leave thee, thou art distempered: No wonder if thy God withdraws, that thou art troubled. Deject not, O my soul, nor let thy thoughts despair. Stay thee with his Promises, and comfort thee with his Mercies. Dost thou mourn for him? Thou shalt be *comforted* in him. Dost thou thirst after him? Thou shalt be *filled* with him. He that suffers not a *cup* of cold *water* for his sake to go unrewarded, will not permit a *Tear* for his love to be unregarded. He withdraws to sharpen thy desire: He seems lost to *inflame* the seeker: He forsakes thee awhile, that he may be thine for ever. Thou wantest him, because thou desirest him: Thou desirest him, because thou lovest him: Thou couldest not love him had he not first loved thee, and whom he loves he loves to the end. If thy neglect hath sent him from thee, let thy diligence draw him to thee: if thou hast lost him by thy sin, seek him by true Repentance: and if thou find him by thy Praiers, entertain him with thy Thanks-giving.

His Praier.

O God, without the *Sun-shine* of whose gracious eye the creature sits in *darkness* and the shadow of *death*, whose presence is the very life and true *delight* of those that love thee, cast down thy eyes of pity upon a *lost sheep* of *Israel*, which hath wandred from thy *Fold* into the *Desart* of his own *Lust*. What dangers can I chuse but meet, that have run my self out of thy *Protection*? What *Sanctuary* can secure me, that have left the *Covert* of thy wings? What *comfort* can I expect, O God, that have forsaken thee the God of comfort and consolation? Return thee, O great *Shepherd* of my soul, and with thy *Crook* reduce me to thy *Fold*. Thou art my *way*, conduct me: Thou art my *light*, direct me: Thou art my *life*, quicken me. Disperse these *Clouds* of sins that stand betwixt thy angry face and my benighted soul. Remove that cursed *bar* which my *Rebellion* hath set betwixt thy deafned Ear and my confused Praiers: and let thy comfortable *beams* reflect upon me. Leave me not, O God, unto my self: O Lord, forsake me not too long: for in me dwells nothing but despair, and the terrours of Hell have taken hold of me. Cast me not away from thy presence, and take not thy holy Spirit from me. Remove this heart of stone, and give me, O good God, a heart of flesh; that it may be capable of thy mercies, and sensible of thy
judg-

judgments. Plant in my heart a fear of thy name, and deliver my soul from carnal security. Order my affections according to thy will, that I may love what thou lovest, and hate what thou hatest. Kindle my zeal with a coal from thine Altar, and encrease my faith by the assurance of thy love. O holy fire, that alwaies burnest and never goest out, kindle me: O sacred light, that alwaies shinest and art never dark, illuminate me. O sweet Jesus, pierce the marrow of my soul with the shafts of thy love, that it may burn and melt, and languish with the only desire of thee. Let it alwaies desire thee, and seek thee, and find thee, and sweetly rest in thee. Be thou in all my thoughts, in all my words, in all my actions; that both my thoughts, my words and my actions being sanctified by thee here, I may be glorified by thee hereafter.

S. Chrys.


To suffer patiently is a greater gift then to raise the dead.

Matt. 26. 41.

Watch and pray lest ye enter into temptation.

The

The Humble man's Depression.

 O W more then happy are those
sons of men that measure no fur-
ther ground then from the sacred
Font unto their peaceful *Grave* !
How blessed are those Infants
which never lived to tast those dear-bought
peny-worths of deceitful earth ! Alas ! there
is nothing here but bitter *Pills* of pleasure-
guilted *grief* ; here is nothing but substan-
tial *sorrows*, clothed in the shades of false de-
light. Look where I list, there is nothing can
appear before my eye but sorrow, the lamen-
table object of my misery : contemplate where
I list, here is nothing can present my thoughts
but *Misery*, the object of my mourning. My
soul is a sparkle of *divine fire*, but quench'd with
lust ; an *Image* of my glorious Creatour, but
blurr'd with *sin* ; a parcel of mortal *immor-*
tality, reserv'd for *death*. My *understanding* is
darkened with *error* ; my *judgment* is perva-
ted with *partiality* ; my *will* is diverted with
sensuality. My *memory*, like a sieve, retains the
Bran, and lets the flower pass : my *affections*
are aguish to *good*, and seavourish to *evil* : my
faith wavers ; my *hope* tires ; my *charity*
freezes : my *thoughts* are vain, my *words* are idle,
my *actions* sinful. My *body* is a *Tabernacle* of
grief, an *Hospital* of *Diseases*, a tenement
of *death*, a sepulchre of a sinful *Soul*. O my
soul, how canst thou own thy self with-
out

out *dejection*, that canst not view thy self without *corruption*? How art thou enclosed in walls of dust, tempered with a few tears; a lump of Earth, quickned with a span of life? Thy life is short and evil: truly miserable, because evil; only happy, because short. When thou endeavourest *good*, thy heart faints: when thou strugglest with *evil*, thy strength fails. For this my soul is humbled, and my spirits are deprest: For this I loath my self, and view my misery with indignation.

His Exaltation.

But chear up, my soul, and let not thy thoughts be over-prest. The *Ball* that is thrown against the ground rebounds. Humility is the *Harbinger* of Grace. Art thou humbled? fear not: Dost thou fear? despair not: Dost thou despair? persist not. Heark what the God of truth hath said,

Luk. 14. 11.

He that is humble shall be exalted.

S. Ambros. in hexaemer. de Virg. lib. 3.

The Lord's Praier and the Apostle's Creed, which do seal up our hearts unto the service and love of God, are daily to be repeated every Morning.

His Proofs.

Prov. 29. 23.

*A Man's pride shall bring him low; but honour
shall uphold the humble in spirit.*

1 Pet. 5. 6.

*Humble your selves under the mighty Hand of
God, that he may exalt you in due time.*

Prov. 15. 33.

Before honour is humility.

Job 22. 29.

*When men are cast down, then thou shalt say,
there is lifting up; and God shall save the
humble person.*

Cassiod.

*By humility the Members of Christ know how
to overcome the pride of the Devil. By this
the faithful command: By this tyranny is
conquered: By this the Martyrs are crown-
ed. Neither can there be a perfection of ver-
tue, where there is a defect of humility.*

S. August.

*The Kingdom is glorious, the way to it lieth
low: Wilt thou desire thy journey's end, and
yet refuse the way?*

Ambr.

*Humility, by not seeking, obtains what it con-
temns.*

His

His Soliloquie.

ALL vertues, as well *Theological* as *Moral*, are besieged with two vices : *Humility*, the fundamental of all vertues, is not exempted. Some puffed up with their own lowliness, grow proud because humble, being high-minded by an *Antiperistasis* ; this is *spiritual pride* : Others taking too single a view of their own corruptions, and more sensible of the disease than of the remedy, are cast into despondency of mind ; and this is called *dejection*. The first froths up into *presumption* ; the second settles down into a *despair*. How canst thou, O my soul, in this Tempest escape this *Scylla*, or avoid that *Charybdis* ? Dost thou fear the tossing waves ? contract thy *sails*. Fearest thou the *Quick-sands* ? use thy *Compass*. He that stills the waves will assist thee ; he that commands the Sea will advise thee. Look not only on thy *Load-stone*, for then thou wilt not see thy *danger* ; nor only on thy *misery*, for then thou wilt not be sensible of thy *deliverance*. If thy *humility* puff thee up, thou art not fit for mercy : If *Dejection* knock thee down, mercy is not fit for thee. Look up, O my soul, to God's mercy, so as thou mayest be sensible of thy own *misery* ; and so look down on thine own misery, as thou mayst be capable of God's mercy.

His Praier.

ETernal God, who scatterest the *proud* in the Imagination of their hearts, and givest Grace to the humble and contrite *spirit*, bow down thy gracious ear to me vile dust and ashes, whose misery thus casts it self before thy mercy. Lord, I am ashamed of mine own corruptions, and utterly loath mine own condition. I am not an object for mine own eyes without disdain, nor a subject for mine own thoughts without contempt: yet am I bold to prostrate my vile self before thy glorious eyes, and to present my sinful praier before thy gracious ears. Lord, if thy mercy exceeded not my misery, I could look for no compassion; and if thy grace transcended not my sin, I could expect nothing but confusion. O thou that madest me of nothing, renew me that have made my self far less then nothing. Revive those sparkles in my soul which lust hath quench'd: Cleanse thine image in me, which my sin hath blurr'd: Enlighten my understanding with thy Truth: Rectifie my judgment with thy word: Direct my will with thy Spirit: Strengthen my memory to retain good things: Order my affections, that I may love thee above all things. Encrease my faith; Encourage my hope; Quicken my charity; Sweeten my thoughts with thy Grace; Season my words with thy Spirit; Sanctifie my actions with thy Wisdom; Subdue the Insolence of my

my rebellious flesh; restrain the fury of my unbridled passions; reform the frailty of my corrupted nature: Encline my heart to desire what is good, and bless my endeavours that I may doe what I desire. Give me a true knowledge of my self, and make me sensible of mine own infirmities. Let not the sense of those mercies which I enjoy blot out of my remembrance those miseries which I deserve; that I may be truly thankful for the one, and humbly penitent for the other. In all my afflictions keep me from despair, in all my deliverances preserve me from ingratitude; that being timely quickned with the sense of thy goodness, and truly humbled by the sight of mine own weakness, I may be here *exalted* by the virtue of thy grace, and hereafter *advanced* to the Kingdom of thy glory.

S. Bern.

Wherefore should not man greatly humble himself under a God of so great humility?

Matt 5. 9.

Blessed are the peace-makers, for they shall be called the children of God.

The

The Sinner's Conflict.

When Sin entred into the World, Death followed. The Scripture tells me of two deaths, the first and the second, this *spiritual*, that *natural*: the first, a *separation* of the body and the soul, and is *temporal*; the second, a *separation* of the body and soul from the favour of God, and is *eternal*: the first is *terrible*, the second *intolerable*. If the first death so terrified the Lord of *life*, how terrible will the second be to me the child of *death*? If every trivial grief disturbs my thoughts, if every petty sickness distempers my body, if the very thought of death dismays my soul, how horrible will death it self appear? O when the silver *Cord* shall be dissolved, the golden *Bowl* demolish'd, the *Pitcher* at the Fountain broke, the *Cistern*-wheels stopt, how will the whole *universe* of my afflicted body be perplexed! Yet were I to endure for every man that hath been, is, and shall be, a death as oft repeated as the Sea-shoar hath sands, all this were nothing to a minutes torment of the *second* death. O treacherous and soul-destroying *sin*, how hast thou thus betraied me to eternal death by thy false, momentany and deceitful *pleasures*? How hast thou bewitch'd me with flattering smiles, and with thy counterfeit delights thus *tickled* me to death? Thou hast not only deprived me of a transitory *life*,

life, but led me into the hideous jaws of an everlasting *death*. Thou hast not only divorced my miserable soul from her beloved body, but separated both soul and body from the *favours* of my *God*, and left them to the insufferable *torments* of *eternity*. O my soul, can thy life be less then *miserable*, which being ended is transported to so infinite a misery? How can thy death be less then *terrible*, which opens the Gates to such eternal torments? What wilt thou doe? Or whether wilt thou flie? Thy *actions* cannot save thee, nor thy *flight* secure thee. *Death* is thy enemy, who taking the advantage of thy *lusts*, hath strengthened it self through thy *weakness*.

His Conquest.

Repair to thy colours, O my soul, the Lord of *life* is thy *General*: He hath foil'd thy enemy and disarm'd him. Stand fast: He is conquered, if thou strive to conquer. Hark what thy *General* saith,

Revel. 2. 11.

He that overcometh shall not be hurt of the second death.

S. Chrys. de orando Deum.

I cannot but admire and wonder at the great love of God towards man, for vouchsafing him so high an honour, as familiarity to speak unto him by prayer.

He

His Proofs.

Rev. 2. 7.

TO him that overcometh I will give to eat of the Tree of Life, which is in the midst of the Paradise of God.

Rev. 3. 21.

To him that overcometh I will grant to sit with me in my Throne; even as I also overcame, and am set down with my Father in his Throne.

Rev. 2. 17.

To him that overcometh I will give to eat of the hidden Manna, and will give him a white stone, and in the stone a new name written, which no man knoweth saving he that receiveth it.

Greg. lib. 8. Moral.

The valour of a just man is to conquer the flesh, to contradict his own will, to quench the delights of this present life, to endure and love the miseries of this World for the reward of a better, to condemn the flatteries of prosperity, and inwardly to overcome the fears of adversity.

Hieron. in Epist.

No labour is hard, no time is long, wherein the glory of eternity is the mark we level at.

Savonar.

If there be no enemy, no fight: if no fight, no victory: if no victory, no crown.

His

His Soliloquie.

OUR life is a *warfare*, and every Christian is two *Souldiers*. The Army consists of *good* and *evil* motions; these under the conduct of the flesh, those under the command of the spirit. The two *Generals*, God and the Devil: the field the Heart: the Word, on the one side, *Glory*, on the other side, *Pleasure*: the reward of both *Eternity*; on that side, of *happiness*, on this side, of *torment*. How is thy heart, O my soul, like *Rebecca's womb*? How do two *Nations* strive within thee? Chear up, take courage in the *Reward* that is set before thee. So fight, that thou maiest *conquer*; so run, that thou maiest *obtain*. Let not the *policy* of the Enemy dismay thee, nor thine own *fewness* disanimate thee. *Advance* therefore, O my dull soul; *fear* not the fiery *darts* of Satan, nor be afraid of his Arrow that flies by night. Press towards the great *Reward*, and let thy Spirit resist to *Bloud*. Take courage from thy *cause*: thou fightest for thy *Prince*, thy *God*, and takest up arms against his *Enemy*, and thy rebellious *Lusts*. Is thy *Enemy* too potent? *fear* not. Art thou besieged? *faint* not. Art thou routed? *flie* not. Call aid, and thou shalt be *strengthened*: Petition, and thou shalt be *relieved*: Pray, and thou shalt be *recruited*.

His Praier.

O God to whom belong the issues of death, at whose terrible Name the very Foundation of my Soul trembles, I a poor convicted sinner, accused by my own Conscience, and ready to be condemned by thy justice, do here, in the very wounding of my heart, confess my self a miserable creature. I have nothing to plead, O God, but mercy; and where shall I find that mercy but in my merciful Redeemer? Blessed Redeemer, that hast promised victory to those that *strive*, and life to those that *overcome*, teach thou my hands to war, and my fingers to fight. Give me a loyal heart, that the inticements of the World may not seduce it; Give me a constant spirit, that the pleasures of the Flesh may not intice it; Give me a wise fore-cast, that the subtilty of the Devil may not entrap me. Let not the multitude of mine enemies *discourage* me, nor the greatness of their powers *dismay* me, nor the weakness of my arm *dishearten* me. Thou that gavest little *Israel* victory against great *Pharaoh*, strengthen me; Thou that gavest little *David* the day against great *Goliab*, succour me; Thou that gavest single *Sampson* conquest against the numerous *Philistines*, save me. Lord, fight against them that fight against my soul. Arise, O God, and let thine enemies be confounded. Lord, shield me from the fury of my own corruptions, for they are many: Deliver me from
I the

the imaginations of my own heart, for they are evil, and that continually. Let not the frailty of my youth beset me, and keep me from the danger of my secret sins. Double my watchfulness upon my *Dalilah*, that is so apt to kiss me and betray me. Without thy grace I have no will to strive, no power to stand, no hope to conquer. Sustain me, that I may not faint; Second me, that I may not flie; Strengthen me, that I may not yield. Gird my loins with Truth, and let my breast-plate be thy Righteousness; that putting on the Helmet of salvation, I may fight a good fight, and receive a *Crown* of glory; that having past the terrours of the first death, I may escape the torments of the second, and triumph with thee in the Kingdom of glory.

S. Cyprian.

For why were we lifted into the bands of his militia, if we look for nothing but peace, and do him and refuse the difficulties of his service?

Anonym.

If we do but resist, we have overcome; and cannot be conquered but by our own treachery.

Sion's Decay.

DOst ask me, Why so sad? Or can my sorrow be thy wonder? Canst thou or can thy eye expect a *Sunshine* where the greater *Lamp* of Heaven is *eclipsed*? or can my soul be *frolick* when the *Vineyard* of my heart is *blasted*? Can the *children* of the *Bride-chamber* chuse but hang their heads, to see the *Bridegroom* *slighted*, and the *Bride's* lovely cheeks *profaned* with every peasant hand? Can poor affrighted *Lambs* wanton and frisk upon the pleasant plains, whenas their worried *Mothers* tremble at the *Quest* of every *Car*? What member can rejoice, whenas the *body* is *dis-membred*? *Sion*, the *glory* of Heaven, is darkened, and her bright beams obscured. *Sion*, the *Vineyard* of our souls, is *blasted*, and her *clusters* are grown sour. *Sion*, the *Bride* of my Redeemer, is defiled, her bloud-wash'd *Robes* are sullied and slubbered. *Sion*, the *Mistress* of our Flocks, is overpowered, and her tender *Lambs* have no protection. *Sion*, the *Mother* of us all, is barren, and her uberous breasts are dry. *Sion*, the glorious Corporation of the *Elect*, is factious in it self, and her *Members* are disjointed. Ah! how can my distressed soul find *rest*, when *Sion* the *rest* of my distressed soul is oppress'd? How many of her dearest children are now tugging at the slavish *bars* of *Infidels*? How many roaring under the

imperious hand of the daughter of *Babylon*? How many banished from their *native soils*, and driven from their usurped *possessions*? This Vine which Heaven's right hand hath planted, is decayed, her Fences broken, her Hedge troden down; her body torn by *Schismatics*, cankered with *Hereticks*, blasted with fiery *Spirits*; her Branches rent with the wild *Boar*, her Grapes devoured with the wily *Fox*. Her *Shepherds* are turned *Wolves*, and have devoured her *Flocks*. Confusion is within her *walls*, and desolation is near unto her *gates*. O *Jerusalem*, if I forget to mourn for thee, let my right hand forget her cunning; and if I prize not thee above my greatest joy, let my tongue cleave to my roof.

Her Defence.

But heark, I hear a heavenly voice whispering glad tidings in my ear, which saith,

Isa. 27. 3.

I the Lord do keep it, and will water it.

S. Ambros.

The Catholick Church is alwaies vested with the garments of Christ, and therefore ever under his protection.

Her

Her Proofs.

Pfal. 69. 35.

THe Lord will save Sion, and will build the Cities of Juda; that they may dwell there, and have it in possession.

Pfal. 87. 5.

Of Sion it shall be said, This and that man was born in her: and the Higbest himself shall establish her.

Isa. 14. 32.

The Lord hath founded Sion, and the poor of his people shall trust in it.

Isa. 12. 6.

Cry out and shout thou inhabitant of Sion, for great is the Holy one of Israel in the midst of thee.

Orig. Hom. 10. in divers.

O holy Lord, how happy are they that trust in thee! It is a most certain truth, that thou lovest all those that love thee, and never forsakest those that trust in thee. For behold, thy Love sought thee, and undoubtedly found thee. She trusted in thee, and she is not forsaken of thee, but hath obtained more by thee then she expected from thee.

Bernard.

He will give his Angels charge over thee. O what reverence, what love, what confidence deserveth so sweet a saying? For their presence, reverence; for their good will, love; for their tuition, confidence.

Her Soliloquie.

WHO is not interested in the *miseries* of *Sion*? What sadness may not be justified in her *calamity*? O my soul, thou maiest here spend thy self in holy passion, and dissolve thy self in tears: But yet be wisely sad; let not thy tears exceed thy *confidence*, nor let thy grief exclude thy hope. Mourn not for the *Bride*, as if the *Bridegroom* were not; or being, had no power; or having power, wanted *will*; or having will, were like thy self *forgetful*. No, no, my soul, he that suffers her to suffer, will *sustain* her in her sufferance and *Crown* her sufferings: When she is persecuted, she *prosper*s; when she is oppress'd, she *flourishes*; in her contempt she gains *honour*; in her wounds, *victories*; in her reproach, *credit*; in her patience, a *Crown*; and with her *Crown* of *thorns*, a *Crown* of *glory*. Can she be more like her *Bridegroom* then in *affliction*? Can she more resemble her Husband then in *persecution*? Remember, O my soul, she is a plant of his right hand's planting, and who can pluck it up? Fear not, this *Vine* must prosper in spite of *opposition*. Yet know, my soul, thou shalt not prosper, nor see good daies, unless thou wish *prosperity* to *Jerusalem*, and pray for *Peace* in *Sion*.

The Praier.

O God, that art the beauty of *Sion*, and the glory of thy *Jerusalem*, and the joy of thine elect, behold the mangled body of thy distressed Church; relieve the miseries of her distempered members. She is our *Lamp*, illuminate her with thy glory; She is thy *Vine*, O fructifie her with thy grace; She is thy *Bride*, embrace her in thy love; She is thy *Flock*, protect her by thy power; She is our *Body*, rectifie her with thy health; We are her *members*, sanctifie us with thy righteousness. Let not the malice of Satan discourage her: Let not the counsels of the wicked disturb her: Let not the gates of Hell prevail against her. Give verity in her doctrine, unity in her self, uniformity in her discipline, universality in her progress: Repair her broken Fences, and weaken the power of the wild Boar. Bless all such as love her; and as for her enemies, either convert them in thy mercy, or confound them in thy justice. Let her appear to be thy daughter, and let the King's daughter be all glorious within. Let her be known to be thy Ark, and let Dragon fall down before her. Purge her from error, heresie, ignorance and superstition; and being purged, O take thou pleasure in her beauty. Behold her Branches which suffer for thy name, and give them deliverance or patience. Let no weapon that is formed against thy Church prosper, and let all tongues that speak against

her be confounded. Let her gates be alwaies open, and glorifie the house of thy glory. Let thy hand be upon the man of thy right hand, that he may guard this Plant which thy right hand hath planted. Give thy justice to the King, and thy righteousness to the King's Son. Season thy Seminaries with thy truth; and bless the house of *Levi*, and bless the house of *Aaron*. Turn thy countenance to thy first love, the *Jews*; and take not thy Candlestick from thy chosen, the *Gentiles*: that having one Shepherd, we may be one *Flock*; and having one faith, we may be one *Church*; and having one heart to please thee, we may have one voice to praise thee, here *militant* in the Kingdom of Grace, and hereafter *triumphant* in the Kingdom of Glory.

S. Cyprian.

He cannot have God to be his Father, who owns not the Church as his Mother.

S. Ambros.

Arise therefore, run to the Church: there is the Father, there is the Son, there is the Holy Ghost.

The

The Mourner's Calamity.



O R Stoicism to rejoice at *Funerals* and lament at *Births* of men, is more absonant to *Nature* than to *Reason*. Too self-indulgent *Nature* would preserve her self on any terms; but well-instructed *Reason* holds a *Being* but an ill peny-worth purchased on condition of so long a *misery*. Who knows himself a *Man*, needs seek no further for a cause to mourn: For what is man but a Sampler of *weakness*, the spoil of *Time*, the May-game of *Fortune*, the image of *Inconstancy*, the balance of *Calamity*? and what besides, but *Phlegm* and *Choler*? His *Birth* is a painful coming into the World; his *life* a sinful continuance in the World; his *death* a dreadful going out of the World. His *Birth* brings him into the shop of sin; his *Childhood* binds him Apprentice to sin; his *Youth* makes him free in sin; his *ful Age* trades in sin; his *old Age* breaks him; his last *sickness* arrests him, and *Death* casts him into Prison. The *pleasure* he takes is to displease his God; his *business* is to disturb his Neighbour; his *study* is to destroy himself: his best labour is but *vanity*, and the fruit of that labour is *vexation of spirit*. His mirth is a *short madness*, his sorrow a *long torment*, his recreation a *formal Antick*, his devotion an *antick formality*: his course of life is a *Quotidian Ague*, whose cold fits are *slöth* and

charity, whose hot fits are *wrath* and *concupiscence*; his pleasures are but airy shadows to beguile him; his honours are but frothy pleasures to betray him; his profit is but golden fetters to beslave him, the effect whereof is *sin*, the end whereof is *death*. In brief, he that would learn to be a *Mourner*, let him remember that he is a *Man*. O my soul, is this the pleasure that this *World* promises? Is this that happiness that this great promiser affords? Had man no hopes of greater happiness then Earth can give, how more unhappy were he then a beast! What happiness can counterpoise his sorrow? What mirth can countervail his misery? What comfort is there in this House of Mourning? Where then shall I repose my trust? On whom shall my crush'd hopes rely?

His Consolation.

Darest thou believe the word of Truth?
Heark what the word of Truth hath said,

Matt. 5. 4.

Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted.

His Proofs.

Psal. 119. 50.

T His is my comfort in my affliction, for thy word hath quickned me.

Isa. 61. 2.

Proclaim the acceptable year of the Lord, and the day of vengeance, to comfort all that mourn.

Jer. 31. 13.

I will turn their mourning into joy, and will comfort them, and make them rejoyce from their sorrow.

Psal. 71. 20, 21.

Thou which hast steeved me great and sore troubles, shalt quicken me again, and shalt bring me up again from the depth of the Earth. Thou shalt encrease my greatness, and comfort me on every side.

Aug. Soliloq. cap. 23.

There was a great dark cloud of calamity before mine eyes, so that I could not see the Sun of Justice and the light of truth: But, Lord, thou art my God, who hast led me from darkness and the shadow of death; hast called me into this glorious light, and behold, I see.

Kemp, lib. 3. cap. 50.

There is none under Heaven that can comfort me, but thou my Lord God, the Heavenly Physician of souls, that strikest and bealest, bringest into Hell and drawest out again.

His

His Soliloquie.

Misery is the badge of *mortality*, and mortality the *lot* of man. He that views himself impartially, needs seek no subject for a tear; yet, O my soul, hadst thou not seen thine own *misery*, how more miserable hadst thou been! Hadst thou been hood-winkt to thy *corruptions*, hadst thou been blind to thine *infirmities*, had thy filth been painted over with *vanity*, how had the way to thy redress been block'd up! How hadst thou stumbled at thy *self*, and fallen at thine own *destruction*! O my soul, it is a great part of *safety*, to see a danger; a good step towards *health*, to discover the disease; a fair progress towards *happiness*, to behold thine own misery. But *Evils* discovered, and no more, grow *sharper* by the discovery. He only *uses* a *fore-seen danger*, that endeavours to *avoid* it: He *profits* by a discovered disease, that labours to *amend* it: He takes *benefit* by *prevised misery*, that strives to *eschew* it. Being fairly *warn'd*, my soul, be thou as strongly arm'd. Dost thou plead *weakness*? be courageous, and thou shalt be *victorious*. Does *sadness* cool thy courage? be patient, and thou shalt be *comforted*: remember thou art *militant*. Dost thou find thy self *timorous*? strengthen thy self with *resolution*. Dost thou find thy self *spent*? fortifie thy self by *Prayer*.

His Praier.

O God that hearest the *sighing* of a contrite heart, and bottlest up the tears of a repentant eye, bow down thy gracious ear and hear the torments of a *grieved* breast. Look on my *tears*, and reade in them what my closed lips are even ashamed to utter. Thou madest me free, but I have lost my freedom by my rebellion: Thou madest me like thy self, but I have blurred thine image by my sin: Thou madest me clean and holy, but I have wallowed in the mire of mine own corruptions: Thou madest me for thy glory, but I have lived to thy dishonour: Thou madest me a Man, but I have made my self a worm, and no man. Lord, I see the *misery* of my own condition, and without thy mercy I am worse then nothing: But thou art gracious, and of great compassion, and thy Truth endures from Generation to Generation. Lord, thou hast promised *joy* to those that *grieve*, and *comfort* to them that *mourn*: In full assurance of thy gracious promise, upon my bended knees I humbly sue for thy seasonable performance. Strengthen me, that I may endure this night's *sorrow*, and let the joy of thy good Spirit *cheer* me in the *morning*. Let me not *grieve* like those that goe into the pit, nor let my *mourning* be like theirs that have no hope. Let not the vain comforts of the world please me, nor the dead pleasures of the earth rejoyce me. Make
me

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me a willing Prisoner to my grief, until thou please to shew thy self the God of consolation. Sanctifie my sorrows to me, and direct my mourning to the right object. Open the floud-gates of mine eyes, that I may weep bitterly for my offences. Dissolve my head into a tide of tears, that thou maiest wash away the filth of my corruptions. Let nothing stop the current but the assurance of thy love; and let my furrowed cheeks be dried in the Sun-shine of thy favour. Accept, O God, of this wet sacrifice of tears, and let my groaning be a peace-offering for my trespasses. Look at thy right hand, and for his sake that sits there, grant these my petitions, firmly grounded on thy promise and his merits; that my sad soul being relieved by thy mercy may receive endless comfort, and thy Name eternal Glory.

S. Greg.

To consider what dolours deserve to be made the punishment of disobedience, will much abate those sorrows that we have for any affliction.

S. Paul.

For these light afflictions which are but for a moment, work for us a more exceeding and eternal weight of glory.

The Serpent's Subtilty.

Hat miserable dignity belongs un-
 to the *honourable* name of *man* !
 What *sad* Prerogatives pertain
 to that *unhappy* Generation of
Mankind ! Ah ! what is *Man* but
 a polluted lump of *living clay*, a little heap of
 self-corrupted *earth*, created to *happiness*,
 born to *sorrow* ? And what is *Mankind* but a
 transitory succession of *misery*, on whom *Mor-*
tality is generally entail'd from Generation to
 Generation ? Each particular man is the short
 and sad story of *Mankind*, written by his own
 dear experience in a more favourable style,
 wherein every one is naturally inclined to spare
 himself, and hide his nakedness among the
shades, where being lost, he seeks himself *un-*
found, or finds himself *unknown*, or knows him-
 self most miserable. The Devil appeared not
 as a *Lion* ; strength could not constrain an *up-*
right soul. He appeared not as a *Dragon* ;
 fear could not compela *dauntless* Spirit. But
 he appeared a *Serpent*, to insinuate and creep
 into the bosome of his soft affections. How
 often is this story acted by me the *miserablest*
 of *Adam's* sons ? Behold how the forbidden
Tree of vain delights stands laden with her plea-
 sant *fruits*. See how the *Serpent* twists and
 winds, and tempts the *weaker vessel* of my
 body, which having yielded, tastes and tempts
 my *better part*. Which done, what *nakedness*,
 what

what shame presents before my guilty eyes?
 What slight excuses, (patch'd like leaves together) I frame to hide my nakedness, my shame?
 And when the voice of my crying conscience calls me in the cool of my lust, O how I start, and tremble, and seek for covert among the Trees? where being found at last and questioned, my soul accuses the *infirmity* of my body, my body accuses that *Serpentine temptation*; so that all three being partners in *sin*, are sad partakers of the *punishment*. Thus every minute, O my soul, art thou *surprized*; thus every moment doth this twisting *Serpent* tempt and overcome thy *frailty*; thus every minute are eternal deaths still multiplied upon thee. What hopes hast thou in thy *collapsed* estate to overcome that *Serpent* which *Adam* in his *perfection* did not conquer?

His Defeat.

Chear up; my soul, there is a *Champion* found shall curb this *Serpent's* power, and Heaven hath spoke it,

Gen. 3. 15.

The seed of the woman shall break the Serpent's head.

Fin

His Proofs.

Rom. 16. 20.

And the God of peace shall bruise Satan under your feet shortly.

1 Joh. 3. 8.

For this purpose the Son of God was manifested, that he might destroy the works of the Devil,

Rev. 17. 14.

He shall make war with the Lamb, and the Lamb shall overcome him.

Ephes. 6. 16.

Above all things take the shield of Faith, whereby ye shall be able to quench the fiery darts of Satan.

Chrysoft. super Matt.

He forced him not; he touched him not; only said, Cast thy self down: that we may know, whosoever obeyeth the Devil, casteth himself down: for the Devil may suggest, compel he cannot.

Bern. in Serm.

It is the Devil's part to suggest; Ours, not to consent. As oft as we resist him, so oft we overcome him; so often as we overcome him, so often we bring joy to the Angels, and glory to God, who proposeth us, that we may contend; and assisteth us, that we may conquer.

His

His Soliloquie.

MAN by the power of the transcendent *Good*, was created *good*, with a power to continue *good*. Man through disobedience lost this power, and that arbitrary *goodness* is turned to necessary *evil*. The whole *Mass* is *corrupted*, and lies in the same condition it made it self: but *God* out of an unsearchable love to his *Creature*, out of his infinite Wisdom (not violating his Justice) found a way to exercise his *mercy*: drawing what handfuls he pleased (not for the dignity of the matter) out of this *lump*, the rest he left to it self. As it had been no *injustice* in *God* to leave the whole in the perdition it had cast it self, so it was an inscrutable *mercy* to draw out some part out of that self-made *perdition*. This *Redemption*, O my soul, was a *Legacy* given at the death of thy *Redeemer*; and thy business is to search the *Will*, and in it thy *interest*. But where is that *Will*? Search the *Scriptures*. But how shall it appear by searching? By the fruit thou shalt know the Tree. Examine thy heart. Dost thou find there a *love* to *God* for his *own sake*, and a *love* to thy Neighbour for *God's sake*, and to both for *obedience sake*? Go thy waies, thou art in the *Will*; and the seed of the woman hath broke the Serpent's head.

His Praier.

O God, that didst create mankind for the glory of thy holy Name, and redeemedst Man being lost with the blood of thy only Son, and hast preserved him by thy free mercy and continual providence; I, a poor son of miserable *Adam*, do here acknowledge my self unworthy of the least of all thy mercies. Lord, what am I, that thou shouldst look upon me? and what is the son of thy handmaid, that thou shouldst think upon him? I know the best of all my actions are unclean, and these my very praieres are abomination in thy sight: My thoughts, my words, nay the whole course of my life is *sin*, and there is nothing in me which deserves not *death*. Yet, Lord, even for the altar's sake on which I offer up this sinful sacrifice, loath not the Praieres of my polluted lips, nor stop thy ears against my sad complaints. Lord, I am as vile as *sin* can make me, and deserve what curse thy *Wrath* can lay upon me. I brought *corruption* from the womb; and suck'd *Rebellion* from the very breast. My life is nothing but a *Trade* of sin, wherein I hourly heap unto my self wrath against the day of wrath: insomuch that wert thou not more merciful to me then I am or can be to my self, I had been now roaring under thy *justice*, that am here begging for thy *mercy*. Lord, I am nothing but *infirmity*, and daily wallow in my own *corruptions*. The old
Serpent.

Serpent continually *besieges* me, and the feebleness of my *old man* cannot *resist* him. Arise, O God, and crush thy enemy and mine, whose fury through my confusion aims at thy dishonour. Let the *seed of the woman* quicken in my soul, and strengthen my weakness to encounter with temptation. Let it, O let it *break the Serpent's head*, that I may conquer for the time to come: and give thou me a broken heart, that I may grieve for the time past: give me water from the spring of life, that it may quench the fiery darts of death. Strengthen the *new man* in me, and let the power of the *old man* languish daily: that being confident in thy *promise*, I may be sensible of thy *performance*; and being freed by thy *power*, I may be filled with thy *praise*, and glorifie thy Name for ever and ever.

S. Greg.

Holy Job was more Satan's torture, then Satan was the others tempter.

S. Ambros.

It is necessary that the perverse sinner, whom the longanimity of the patience of God could not mend, should be tormented with eternal punishment.

The

The Sinner's Poverty,

Herein doth this my *natural State* excell a beast? In what one thing? Am I not worse? Their outward senses are more *perfect*; my inward senses are less *pure*. Their *natural Instinct* desires good, and chuses it; but my *perverted Will* sees good, and yet declines it. They eat being satisfied with *moderation*: perchance I *want*, or *surfeit*. They sleep secure from *fears* and *cares*, when I am kept awake with both. They cry to Heaven and are fed by *providence*; I, trusting to my self, want through my *Improvvidence*. The worthless *Sparrows* are lodg'd in their downy feathers; the silly *Sheep* reposed in their warm fleeces: but I have nothing to cover my *nakedness*, nothing to hide my *shame*. Naked I was born into the world, and have nothing in the world which I may call my own; or if I have, it is lost with the desire of having. I look into my *Soul*, and can find nothing there but the *absence* of what I had, or the *defect* of what I want. I pry into my *Understanding*, and there I find nothing but *darkness*: I search into my *Will*, and there I find nothing but *perverseness*: I examine my *Affections*, and there I find nothing but *disorder*: I view my *disposition*, and there I find nothing but *distemper*. What I had I have not, and what I
want

want I cannot gain. If I have obtained any thing that is *good*, I quickly lose it, for want of *knowledge* how to prize it. If I find any *good* which I had *lost*, I keep it not, for want of *wisdom* how to *use* it. When I call my *conscience* to account, mine own soul is brib'd against me; and when I call my course of *life* to question, my frailties flatter me. If the sense of misery should force me to my forgotten prayers, I falter, and my *distraction* denies me *utterance*; or if my hopeful thoughts permit my formal lips to recommend my griefs to heaven, my *guilt* despairs of *entrance*; or if a flash of *zeal* should wing my prayers, and dart them up into the Almighty's ears, my unrepented *sins* forbid them *audience*. Heaven's *gates* are lock'd against me, and the *keys* are lost by my neglect. My *sighs* want strength to shoot the lock, nor can my stronger *groans* enforce the portals open.

His Relief.

Chear up, my soul, the keys are in a faithful hand, nor is the keeper far: Call him, and thou shalt hear him say,

Luk. 11. 9.

Ask, and thou shalt have; seek, and thou shalt find; knock, and it shall be opened to thee.

His

His Proofs.

Matt. 7. 11.

IF you, being evil, know how to give good things unto your children, how much more shall your Father which is in heaven give good things unto them that ask him?

Joh. 11. 22.

But I know that even now whatsoever thou wilt ask of God, God will give it unto thee.

Matt. 21. 22.

All things whatsoever ye shall ask by prayer, believing, ye shall receive.

James 1. 5.

If any of you lack wisdom, let him ask it of God, that giveth to all men liberally, and upbraideth not, and it shall be given him.

S. Bern.

It is easier that heaven and earth should pass; then if thou seek God, not to find him, or then if thou ask, not to receive, or if thou knock, not to be opened unto.

Chrys. hom. 5. in epist. ad Rom.

Having nothing, I have all things, because I have Christ: having therefore all things in him, I seek no other reward, for he is the universal reward.

His

His Soliloquie.

CANST thou, O my soul, wonder at thy wants, when thou wantest *Him* that is the only *supplier* of all wants? The *beast* performs his duty, and (made for thy service) *serves* thee; and wanting food, in his own language craves it, and obtains it. The *fowls* of the air (being pinched with hunger) carol forth their sweet *Hosanna's* and are filled, and then return musical *Hallelujah's*. Canst thou, my soul, expect *supplies* like them, and use less means than they? Come, thou art worth many *sparrows* (were not five sold for a farthing?) The blood of Jesus is thy *price*, and for his sake all things are thine. Shall *beasts* for their own sakes be *supplied*, and shalt thou in the *Name* of Jesus be *denied*? Can a *Mother* pity the trickling tears of an unfed Infant, and can the God of *mercies* be obdure to thee? Art thou commanded to *ask*, *seek*, and *knock*, in vain? I, but my tongue is slow. Was not *Moses* the man of God so? When I *seek*, my *lust* diverts me, and I am lost. Is not the great Shepherd come to reduce his lost sheep? But, alas! I *knock* at the *wrong* door. Fear not when thou knock'st with a right heart. He that is every where will be *found*; He that made the ear will *hear* thee.

His Prayer.

O God that art the perfection of all good, and the giver of all good things, that better knowest what to give then I to ask, and withholdest no good thing from him that seeks thee with an upright heart ; I a poor suiter at thy Throne of Grace, being truly sensible of mine own defects, and timorously conscious of my evil deserts, do here even cast my self on thy gracious providence. And since, O Lord, thou hast commanded me to ask of thee the things I *want*, bow down thine ear, and hear the *Praiers* which a poor sinner, emboldned by thy promise, presents before thee ; by whose free favour I have received whatsoever I have obtained, and by my own folly lost whatsoever I had received. Give me a clear sight of my own *poverty* ; shew me the poverty of mine own *relief* ; that so I may forsake the broken reed of my own *power*, and strengthen my weakness in the comfort of thy *promise*. Lord, thou hast commanded me to *ask*, but my sins cry louder then my suits ; Thou hast commanded me to *seek*, but mine own guilt leads me the wrong way ; Thou hast commanded me to *knock*, but Satan holds my hands. Lord, let the blood of my blessed Saviour stop the mouth of my crying *sins* ; let his full satisfaction take away my guilt. Bind him in chains that captivates my *power*. Teach me to *ask* that hast commanded me to

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ask ;

ask; Thou that hast commanded me to *seek*, direct me; and let my *knocking* be guided by thy hand. Give me knowledge, that I may *ask* what I should; grant me prudence, that I may *seek* where I should; give me providence, that I may *knock* when I should. Let not my faintness in *asking* teach thee to deny: Let not my foolishness in *seeking* tempt me to desist: Let not my unseasonableness in *knocking* strike me with despair. Give me a fervent Faith, that I may *ask* with confidence; a constant hope, that I may *seek* with courage; an unwearied patience, that I may *knock* with constancy. Let me *ask* like the importunate woman, till I obtain thee: Let me *seek* like thy blessed Mother, till I find thee: Let me *knock* like the sinful Publican, till thou open to me; that having *found* thee here by grace, in the company of Saints, I may live with thee in glory, with the Society of Angels.

S. Aug.

An evil Conscience cannot hope.

Idem.

No praises heal an ill Conscience, nor does any raillery wound a good one.

Anonym.

How can they want who have him that bath all things?

The Faithful man's Fear.

D*oe this and live.* Some comfort yet remains: though life be not absolutely granted, yet death is but conditionally threatned. *Doe this and live.* But what is the *work* that may deserve such *wages*? Give perfect *obedience* to thy God, and perfect *love* to thy Neighbour. But will not the utmost of my *power* doe? Will not the best of my *endeavour* serve? No, he that is perfect made thee perfect, and requires a *perfection*. Alas! if life depends upon such terms, what flesh can live? Thy inability for the *work* prophesies the impossibility of the *reward*. My soul, thou art become a legal debtor, and the utmost *farthing* is expected. Thou canst neither pay thy *debt*, nor hide thee from thy Creditour. What wilt thou doe? Wilt thou plead *immunity*? Thy own *band* will condemn thee. Wilt thou plead *paiment*? Thy own *poverty* will implead thee. Wilt thou plead *mercy*? Thy own *rebellion* will dismay thee. My soul, what *security* wilt thou put in? or to what *Sanctuary* wilt thou flie? O flatter not thy self, and put not the *evil day* from thee. Thou hast not only *not done what thou shouldest*, but thou *hast done what thou shouldest not*. Thou hast sinned against thy *Creation*, by disobeying thy *Creator*: Thou hast sinned against thy *Redemption*, by crucifying thy Redeemer: Thou hast

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sinned

finned against thy *Sanctification*, by quenching of the Spirit : Thou hast sinned against God's *judgments*, by thy presumption : Thou hast sinned against his *mercies*, by thy despair : Thou hast sinned against thy *conscience*, by thy rebellion : Thou hast sinned against *Providence*, by thy distrust. Every day brings in an *Inventory* of thy *sins*, and every sin brings in a *Fagget* to thy *execution*. O my soul, behold the *miser*y of thy estate, and tremble : Behold the *Mercies* of thy God, and wonder. Tremble, for he is a God to punish thine *iniquities* : Wonder, for he is become a Man to bear thy *iniquities*. Tremble, for thou art not able to doe his *Commands* : Wonder, for he is willing to accept what thou canst doe. Will not the frailty of thy flesh permit thee to doe ? let the faithfulness of thy heart encline thee to desire. *Doe* what thou canst, and *Believe* what thou canst not.

His Crown.

Chear up, my sad soul, for he that hath considered the frailty of thy hands, hath freely accepted the faithfulness of thy heart ; who saith,

Rev. 2. 10.

Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee the Crown of life.

His

His Proofs.

Matt. 25. 21.

Well done, good and faithful servant; thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee Ruler over many things: Enter into the joy of thy Lord.

So then, they that be of faith, are blessed with faithful Abraham. Gal. 3. 9.

2 Tim. 4. 8.

Henceforth there is laid up for me a Crown of Righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give me at that day.

Jam. 1. 12.

Blessed is the man that endureth temptation: for when he is tried he shall receive the Crown of life, which the Lord hath promised to them that love him.

Bernard.

O only safe fight, which for and with Christ is undertaken! in which the Christian Souldier neither wounded, nor overthrown, nor trodden under foot, no nor slain, can lose the victory, if he manfully stand to it, and do not betake himself to a shameful flight.

Aug. in Senten.

Whatsoever rageth against the Name of Christ, is tolerable if it may be overcome; and if it cannot, it hasteneth the receiving of our glorious reward: for the faithful man in the end of his temporal evils passeth into the fruition of his eternal good.

His Soliloquie.

Stand not, O my soul, upon the *legs* of a sinner, but flie into the *arms* of thy Saviour; and what thou canst not purchase by thy endeavour, endeavour to believe. Acknowledge thou thy *debt*, and thy Jesus will justifie thy payment. Trust not in thy self, lest thou be deceived by thy self. Dost thou, O my soul, desire faith? *Renounce* thy self. Wouldest thou preserve thy faith? *Condemn* thy self. Thy way to faith is *from* thy self. Is thy soul *dark*? Faith *enlightens* it: Is the gate of Heaven *shut*? Faith *unlocks* it: Is the way *dangerous*? Faith *secures* it: Is thy heart *timorous*? Faith *emboldens* it: Is death *terrible*? Faith *conquers* it: Is the Crown of life *difficult*? Faith *obtains* it. *Be thou faithful unto death*, and I will give thee the *Crown of life*. Fear not thy weakness, O my soul; it shall not be to thee according to thy works, but faith. If thy good works cannot save thee before faith, thine evil works cannot damn thee after *Repentance*. As he that crowns thy good works, crowns his own *gifts*; so he that pardons thy evil works, magnifies his own *mercy*. Cast Anchor here, my soul, and if the waves of thy *corruptions* overwhelm thee, pump them out by true *Repentance*.

His Praier.

MOst glorious God, in respect of whom the very Angels are impure, before whom the Cherubims do veil their blushing faces ; I the wretched off-spring of presumptuous flesh and blood fall down before the footstool of thy gracious presence, and humbly present thee with my sinful praier. If thou shouldst weigh my actions with thy righteous balance, or try me with the touch-stone of thy sacred Laws, the vials of thy wrath would pour upon me, and thy justice would be magnified in my confusion. But, Lord, thou delightest not in the death of a sinner, nor takest pleasure in the destruction of thy creature. Lord, thy Commandments are most just, and my performance is most imperfect : the best of all my words deserve not the least of all thy mercies ; and the purest of all my actions, nay my very praier, are sin. I have sinned against my Creation, and yet, Lord, thou hast redeemed me : I have sinned against my Redemption, and yet, O God, thou hast in some measure sanctified me : I have sinned against my Sanctification, and yet, O God, thou hast not forsaken me : I have sinned against the continuance of thy Mercies, yet hast thou not confounded me. The whole practice of my life is nothing but Rebellion, and the imaginations of my heart are evil and that continually : wherefore I wholly renounce my self, O God, and
K 4 utterly

utterly disclaim the works of mine own hands. In thy goodness, O Lord, I build my confidence, and in thy mercy I seek for refuge. Grant me the power to doe what thou commandest, and then command me what thou plearest. Crucifie the flesh within me, and deliver my soul from the spirit of bondage. Free me, O Lord, from the oldness of the letter, that I may serve thee hereafter in the newness of the spirit. Let the Rebelions of old *Adam* be lost in thy remembrance, and let the obedience of the new *Adam* be ever in thy sight. Purge from my heart the dregs of unbelief, and kindle in my soul the fire of devotion. Quicken my soul with a lively faith. Lord, I believe; Lord, help my unbelief: that so being faithful to the death, according to thy command, I may receive the Crown of life, according to thy promise.

Sen.

*The greatest safety is to fear nothing but God.
Nothing should startle a wise courage but the
close remembrance of an evil life.*

2 Tim. I. 12.

I know whom I have believed; and I am persuaded that he is able to keep that which I have committed unto him against that day.

The

The Fearful man's Conflict.

HOW potent are the infirmities of flesh and blood ! How weak is *Nature's* strength ! How strong her weakness ! How is my easie faith abused by my deceitful sense ! How is my *Understanding* blinded with deluding *Error* ! How is my *Will* perverted with apparent *good* ! If real good present it self, how purblind is mine eye to view it ! if viewed, how dull is my *understanding* to apprehend it ! if apprehended, how heartleis is my *judgment* to allow it ! if allowed, how unwilling is my *will* to chuse it ! if chosen, how fickle are my *resolutions* to retain it ! No sooner are my resolutions fixed upon a course of *Grace*, but nature checks at my *Resolves* ; no sooner check'd, but straight my *Will* repents her *choise*, my *Judgment* recalls her *sentence*, my *Understanding* mistrusts her *light* : and then my *Sense* calls *Flesh* and *Bloud* to counsel, which wants no *arguments* to break me off. The difficulty of the *Journey* daunts me ; the streightness of the *Gate* dismaies me ; the doubt of the *Reward* diverts me : the *loss* of worldly pleasure here deters me ; the *loss* of earthly honour there dissuades me : here the strictness of *Religion* damps me, there the world's *contempt* dishartens me ; here the fear of my *preference* discourages me. Thus is my yielding sense assaulted with my conquering doubts.

Thus are my militant *hopes* made captive to my prevailing *fears*: whence if haply ransom'd by some good *motion*, the Devil presents me with a bead-roll of my *Offences*, the Flesh suggests the necessity of my sin, the World objects the foulness of my shame; where, if I plead the mercy and goodness of my God, the *abuse* of his mercy weakens my trust, the *slighting* of his goodness hardens my heart against my hopes. With what an *host* of enemies art thou besieged, my soul! How, how art thou beleaguered with continual fears! How doth the guilt of thy *unworthiness* cry down the hopes of all compassion! Thy confidence of mercy is conquered by the consciousness of thy own demerits; and thou art taken prisoner, and bound in the horrid chains of sad despair.

His Prize.

But cheer up, my soul, and turn thy fears to wonder and thanksgiving; trust in him that saith,

Luk. 12. 32,

Fear not, little flock, for it is your father's good pleasure to give you a Kingdom.

His

His Proofs.

Col. 1. 13.

HE hath delivered us from the power of darkness, and translated us into the Kingdom of his dear Son.

Acts 14. 22.

Exhort them to continue in the faith, and that we must through many tribulations enter into the Kingdom of God.

Jam. 2. 5.

Hath not God chosen the poor of this world, that they should be rich in faith, and heirs of the Kingdom which he promised to them that love him?

Luk. 22. 29.

I appoint you a Kingdom, as my Father appointed me.

S. Aug.

Though we labour in a boisterous Sea, yet thou, Lord, art our Pilot, and steereſt our course between Scylla and Charybdis; so that, both dangers escaped, we shall at length arrive at our Port secure.

Macar.

Let us suffer with those that suffer, and be crucified with those that are crucified; that we may be glorified with those that are glorified.

Hieron.

Miserable is his felicity who was never thought worthy to wrestle with miseries, by which contention honour is obtained.

Hu

His Soliloquie.

HAST thou crucified the Lord of *Glory*, O my soul, and hast thou so much boldness to expect his *Kingdom*? Consult with *Reason*, and review thy *Merits*; which done, behold that *Jesus* whom thou crucifiedst even making *Intercession* for thee, and offering thee a *Crown* of *Glory*. Behold the *greatness* of thy Creator veil'd with the *goodness* of thy Redeemer; the justice of a first Person qualified by the mercy of a second; the purity of the *Divine* nature uniting it self with the *Humane* in one *Emanuel*; a perfect *Man* to suffer, a perfect *God* to pardon; and both God and Man in one *person*, at the same instant able and willing to give and take a perfect *satisfaction* for thee. O my soul, a wonder above wonders! an *incomprehensibility* above all admiration! a depth past finding out! Under this shadow, O my soul, refresh thy self. If thy sins fear the hand of justice, behold thy *sanctuary*; if thy offences tremble before the Judge, behold thy *Advocate*; if thy creditor threaten a prison, behold thy *bail*. Behold the *Lamb* of God that hath taken thy sins from thee: Behold the *Blessed* of Heaven and Earth that hath prepared a *Kingdom* for thee. Be ravish'd, O my soul: O bless the name of *Elohim*; O bless the name of our *Emanuel*, with praises and eternal *Hallelujahs*.

His

His Praier.

GREAT Shepherd of my soul, whose life was not too dear to rescue me the meanest of thy little flock, cast down thy gracious eye upon the weakness of my nature, and behold it in the strength of thy compassion. Open mine eyes, that I may see that object which flesh cannot behold : Enlighten my understanding, that I may clearly discern that Truth which my ignorance cannot apprehend : Rectifie my judgment, that I may confidently resolve those doubts which my understanding cannot determine : Sanctifie my will, that I may wisely chuse that good which my deceived heart cannot desire : Fortifie my resolution, that I may constantly embrace that choice which my inconstancy cannot hold : Weaken the strength of my corrupted nature, that I may struggle with my lusts, and strive against the base rebellions of my flesh : Strengthen the weakness of my dejected spirit, that I may conquer myself, and still withstand the assaults of mine own corruption : Moderate my delight in the things of this World, and keep my desires within the limits of thy will. Let the point of my thoughts be directed to thee, and let my hopes rest in the assurance of thy favour. Let not the fear of worldly loss dismay me, nor let the loss of the world's favour daunt me. Let my joy in thee exceed all worldly grief, and let the love of thee expel all carnal fear. Let the
multitudes.

multitudes of my offences be hid in the multitude of thy compassions; and let the reproachfulness of that death which thy Son suffered for my sake, enable me to suffer all reproach for his sake. Let not my sin against thy mercies remove thy mercies from my sin; and let the necessity of my offences be swallowed up in the all-sufficiency of his merits. Let not the foulness of my transgressions lead me to distrust; nor let the distrust of thy pardon leave me in despair. Fix in my heart a filial love, that I may love thee as a Father; and remove all servile fear from me, that thou mayest behold me as a son. Be thou my all in all, and let me fear nothing but to displease thee; that being freed from the fear of thy wrath, I may live in the comfort of thy promise, die in the fulness of thy favour, and rise to the inheritance of an everlasting Kingdom.

Cassian.

Humane fear breedeth distrust; but the divine does great advantages to our hope.

S. Greg.

No kind of death is to be feared by him that has lived well.

The Plague-affrighted man's Danger.

HOW is the *language* of death heard in every street, which by continual *Passing-bells* proclaims mortality in every ear! How many at this instant lie groaning in their sick-beds, and marked for death, whilst others that lived yesterday are now laid out for evening burial! How many that are now strong and healthful, and laying up for many years, are destined for the enlargement of the next week's Bill! How many are now preparing to secure their lives by flight, who whilst they run from the *tyranny* of their fears, flie into the very bosome of danger! What *air*? what *diet*? what *antidote* can promise safety? What *shield* can guard the angry Angel's blow? What *rhetorick* can persuade the heaven-commanded Messenger to slack the fury of his resolute arm? It is an *arrow* that flies by day; yet who can see it? It is a *terroure* that strikes by night; and who can escape it? It is the *pestilence* that walketh in darkness; and who can shun it? The strength of *youth* is no priviledge against it; the soundness of a *constitution* is no exemption from it; the sovereignty of *drugs* cannot resist it: Where it lists, it wounds; and whom it wounds, it kills. It is God's Artillery, and like himself respects no persons. The rich man's *coffers* cannot bribe it; the skilfull *artist* cannot pre-
scribe

scribe against it : the black *Magician* cannot charm it. My soul, into what a calamity art thou plung'd ? with what an *enemy* art thou beleaguered ? What opposition canst thou make ? what *Auxiliaries* canst thou call in ? How many sad *copies* of thy destruction are daily set before thee ? How continually is thy death acted by others to thee ? What comfort hast thou in that life which every minute threatens ? What pleasure takest thou in that breath which draws and whiffs perpetual fears ? What art thou other but a man condemned, expecting execution ? And how is the bitterness of thy death multiplied by the quality of thy fears ? Were it a sickness whose distraction took not away the means of preparation, it were an easie calamity ; were it a sickness whose contagion dissolved not the comfortable bands of sweet society, it were but half a misery. But as it is sudden, solitary, incurable, what so terrible ? what so comfortless ?

His Deliverance.

Sink not beneath thy fears, my soul : Thy deliverance is God's *royalty*, and under his wings is thy salvation ; in the midst of danger no danger shall befall thee,

Psal. 91. 10.

Neither shall the Plague come nigh thy dwelling.

His

His Proofs.

Psal. 91. 1, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7.

W' Hoso dwelleth in the secret of the most High, shall abide in the shadow of the Almighty. Surely he will deliver thee from the snare of the hunter, and from the noisome Pestilence. He will cover thee under his wings, and thou shalt be sure under his feathers: his truth shall be thy shield and thy buckler. Thou shalt not be afraid of the Arrow that flieth by day, Nor of the Plague that destroyeth at noon-day. A thousand shall fall at thy side, and ten thousand at thy right hand; but it shall not come near thee.

Gisten. in cap. 2. Cant. Expos.

O happy sickness, where the infirmity is not to death but to life, that God may be glorified by it! O happy Fever, that proceedeth not from a consuming, but a calcining fire! O happy distemper, wherein the soul relisheth no earthly things, but only savoureth divine nourishment!

Greg. in Pastoral.

O wisdom, with how sweet an Art doth thy Wine and Oil restore health to my healthless soul! How powerfully merciful, how mercifully powerful art thou! powerful for me, merciful to me.

His

His Soliloquie.

AND can the *noise* of death, O my soul, so fright thee in the street, and the *cause* of death not move thee in thy bosome? Shall *passing-bells* tolling for dying men afflict thee, and not the *Judgments* of the living God affright thee? Shall the weekly *Bills* of a silly Parish-clerk more move thee then the sacred *Oracles* of a holy Minister? Shall the *Plague* inflicted upon others more startle thee then many plagues denounced upon thy self? Be wise, my soul, avoid the *Cause*, and thou shalt prevent the effect; be afraid of *sin*, and thou needest not fear the punishment. Fearest thou the infection? Flee from it: but whether? Under the wings of the Almighty. But thy sins deny protection there: then nail them to thy Saviour's *Cross*. Fearest thou yet? O my soul, hast thou so long, hast thou long subsisted under thine own *protection*, and dardest thou not venture under his? Can there be a Sanctuary more secure? a protection more safe? Fearest thou death under the wings of life; or danger under the *shadow* of the Almighty? But the suddenness of that death denies preparation. His wings continually prepare thee. It banishes all my friends, and in them my comfort. When thou hast God to thy friend, what comfort canst thou want that may be found by *Praier*?

His

His Praier.

Lord, in whose hands are the keys of life and death, in whom I live, move, and have my being, graciously incline thy tender ear, and mercifully hear the supplications of thy servant, who hath no hope but in thy goodness, and no comfort but in thy promises. My hainous sins, O God, have provoked thy heavy indignation; and I am humbly sensible of thy sore displeasure. Thy judgments are come abroad amongst us, and the vials of thy consuming wrath are poured out upon us. The sins of our Nation have cried to thee for vengeance, and thou hast visited us with great mortality. Thy people are poured out like water, and our land is become a land of mourning. Turn us, O Lord, that we may be turned; and magnifie thy mercy in our deliverance. Accept the sorrow and contrition of thy servants; and say unto thy Angel, It is enough. Be thou my refuge, and my fortress, O God; and give me confidence to repose under the shadow of the Almighty. Cover me, O Lord, with the feathers of thy wings; and let thy truth be my buckler and my shield. Defend me from the Pestilence that walketh in darkness: Deliver me from destruction that wasteth at noon-day. Give thy Angels charge over me, to protect and guide me in all thy waies. Prepare me, O Lord, against the hour of death, and strengthen my soul in the assurance of thy Mercy. Humble my heart

heart with the true sense of my transgressions, and work in my soul an unfeigned Repentance. Enlarge mine eyes that I may weep day and night, for grieving and offending so gracious a Father. Wean me from the trust of all transitory things, and let the world's vanity daily dy in me. Take from me the immoderate fear of death; and train me, O God, for the day of my dissolution. Instruct and rectifie my vain desires, that all my wishes may stand with thy will. In life be thou my Governour, in death be thou my comfort; that living or dying I may be thine. Teach me by thy judgments to hate sin, and let thy mercies breed in me a filial love. Be gracious to those whom thou hast marked for death, and seal in their hearts the assurance of thy favour; that being members of one body, we may rejoyce in one head; that having numbered our daies in wisdom, we may be numbered with thy Saints in glory everlasting.

S. Aug.

That must not be thought an evil death which follows a holy life. For nothing makes an evil death, but that which comes after death.

1 Cor. 15. 55.

O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?

The

The Persecuted man's Misery.

ARE these the *gains* of Godliness? Are these the *wages* of a holy life? Hath the ungrateful world no other thanks for him that honours his *Creator*, but *scorn*, *contempt* and *persecution*? Whilest I prized the World, I wanted nothing that the World calls *good*: neglected honour followed me; unsought for pleasure courted me; unpurchased fortunes fell upon me: I could not wish that happiness I had not; I could not want the happiness earth had. Nothing was too *dear*; nothing was too *precious*. Thus whilest I prized the World, the World prized me. If I were sad, her mirthful smiles would cheer me; if sick, her mournful sons would visit me; if weary, her wanton lap would dandle me, where rocked into a *slumber*, I dreamed all this was but a *dream*, and waking found it so. Not willing to be fed with *shadows*, I changed my thoughts, and my affections altered; and finding Earth too *streight* for my desires, I cast mine eye to Heaven, and after many conflicts betwixt my *members* and my *mind*, even there I fixed. The jealous Earth grew angry, frowned and called me fool, withdrew her *honours*, withheld her *pleasures*, recalled her *favours*; and now I live despised, contemned and poor. O sad condition of mankind! How plausible are his waies to death! and how unpleasant
are

are his paths to *life*! No sooner had I made a *Covenant with my God*, but the world made a *Covenant* against me, scandall'd my *name*, slandered my *actions*, derided my *simplicity*, despised my *integrity*. For my *Profession's* sake I have been reproached, and the *Reproaches* of the World have fallen upon me. If I chastned my soul with *fasting*, it styl'd me with the name of *Hypocrite*; if I reprove the *vanity* of the times, it derides me with the style of *Puritane*. I am become a *stranger* to my brethren, and an *alien* to my mother's son. I goe mourning all the day long, and my bosome-friends are estranged from me. They afflict my body with open *punishment*, and make a pastime of my affliction. They that sit in the Gate speak evil of me, and Drunkards make their Songs against me.

His Reward.

But be thou not dismaied, my soul, nor let the arm of flesh discourage thee. Thy *Persecutions* here are nothing but the prophecies of a *Paradise* hereafter. He that is born of the flesh, inherits the *Pleasures* of the World; but thou that art born of the Spirit, hear what the Spirit saith,

Matt. 5. 10.

Blessed are they that are persecuted for my name's sake, for theirs is the kingdom of Heaven.

His

His Proofs.

Luk. 6. 22.

Blessed are ye when men shall hate you, and separate themselves from you, and shall revile you, and cast out your name as evil, for the Son of man's sake.

1 Pet. 3. 14.

If ye suffer for Righteousness sake, happy are ye; and be not afraid of their terrour, neither be ye troubled.

Matt. 10. 22.

Ye shall be hated of all men for my sake: but he that shall endure to the end shall be saved.

Matt. 19. 29.

Every one that forsaketh lands, or brother, or sister, or father, or mother, for my sake, shall receive an hundred fold, and shall inherit eternal life.

Chrysost.

We are afflicted by God, that our reward and crown may hereby be increased; and as much as he addeth to our tribulation, so much and more will be added to our retribution.

Greg. Nyss. de Prov.

Our life is a warfare, and this world a place of masteries, wherein the greatest Garlands are allotted to them who sustain the greatest labours: for by the smart of our stripes is augmented the glory of our reward.

His

His Soliloquie.

HE that shall weigh the *gain* of Godliness by the *Scales* of the World, or the pleasures of the Earth by the *Balances* of the Sanctuary, shall upon a review find a bad *Market*. Think'st thou, my soul, to be made happy by the smiles of earth, or unhappy by her frowns? When she fawns upon thee, she *deludes* thee; when she kisses thee, she *betrays* thee. She brings thee *Butter* in a Lordly dish, and bears a *hammer* in her deadly hand. Trust not her *flattery*, O my soul; nor let her *malice* move thee. Her musick is thy *Magick*; her sweetness is thy *snare*. She is the *high-way* to eternal death. If thou love her, thou hast begun thy journey; if thou honour her, thou mendest thy pace; if thou obey her, thou art at thy journey's end. When she distasts thee, *Christ* relishes in thee; when she *afflicts* thee, God *instructs* thee; when she locks her *Gates* against thee, heaven *opens* for thee; when she *disdains* thee, God *honours* thee; when she *forsakes* thee, he *owns* thee; when she *persecutes* thee, he *crowns* thee. Why art thou then disquieted, my soul, and why is thy spirit troubled within thee? Trust thou in him by *Faith*: If thou want comfort, fly to him by *Praier*.

His

His Praier.

THou therefore, O most blessed and glorious Spirit, in whose eyes the Saints are precious, who puttest all their tears into thy Bottle, and in the midst of all their sorrows sendest comfort to thy Elect, behold my sufferings, and regard my sorrows. Let not thine enemies triumph and make a scorn of him that fears thee. Strengthen me, O God, to maintain thy Cause, lest they that persecute me think there is no God. Thou knowest my reproach and shame, and how they buffet me all the day long. Arise, O God, and plead thy Cause, and let them know that thou art God. Make me to hear the voice of joy and gladness, that the bones which they have broken may rejoice. Let not the wicked have power over me, but graciously deliver me for the glory of thy Name. Remove this bitter Cup of affliction from me: But not my will, but thine be done. Give me patience to endure till thou art pleased to release me, and courage to bear what thy wisdom shall permit. Let not the vanities of the World deceive me, nor the corruptions of my flesh disturb me: Let not the suggestions of Satan deter me, nor the threatenings of man divert me. Preserve my footsteps in the waies of thy truth, and keep me truly constant to the end. In all my afflictions keep me from murmuring, and let thy Grace be sufficient for me. Season my heart with the sense

of thy love; and strengthen my Faith in all my Trials. Give me an inward thankfulness, O God, that thou hast made me worthy to suffer for thy name. Convert my enemies, if they belong to thee. Be merciful to them that hate me, and doe good to those that persecute me: Open their eyes, that they may see thy Truth; and turn their hearts, that they may fear thy Name. In all my tribulations be not thou far from me, and sanctifie my great afflictions to me. Lord, in the multitude of thy mercies hear me, and in the truth of thy salvation help me; that I confessing thee here before the children of men with an undaunted resolution, may be enrolled in the Kingdom of Grace by thy goodness, and hereafter reign in the Kingdom of Glory in thy Eternity.

S. Chrysoft.

To suffer patiently is a greater gift then to raise the dead.

Cassian.

They make free-will-offerings to God, that in the midst of their sufferings give thanks.

Psal. 119. 71.

It is good for me that I have been afflicted, that I might learn thy Statutes.

The

The Sinner's Accompt.

HOW I can flatter my own *destruction*, and with the common stream of frail mortality run into the *dead Sea* of everlasting death! How soundly I can sleep in the wanton lap of treacherous *Security*, until I wake disarm'd of all my strength, and turn a prey to that false *Philistine* that seeks my soul! When I call to mind the *course* that I have run, and set to view the *steps* that I have trod, how easily can I excuse my failings, and set them on the score of miserable *Adam*! But when I seriously consider whose *Law* I have offended, and strictly examine my actions by that Law, and justly proportion my *punishment* to those actions, O then I stand and tremble, and am swallowed up with *despair*. O then my sins appear too great for *pardon*, and my punishment too great for *patience*. Which way soever I turn, I turn to my disquiet: Look where I will, I view my own discomfort. Look up, I see a dreadful *God*; Look down, I see a direful *Devil*: Look forward, I see a *Roll* of sins; Look backward, I see a roaring *Conscience*: Look on my right hand, I see my bold *Presumption*; Look on my left hand, I see my base *despair*: Look within me, I see my own *Corruption*; Look about me, I see nothing but *Confusion*. I have sinned upon *ignorance*, ignorance will not excuse me; I have sinned

upon *weakness*, weakness will not plead for me : I have sinned against my *conscience*, my conscience will accuse me : I have sinned against the *Law*, the Law condemns me. What canst thou say, my soul, that *Sentence* of death should not be given against thee ? Can the *voice* of thy sorrow out-cry the *language* of thy sin ? Can the *tears* of thine eye scour the *stains* of thy soul ? Can the *figs* of a *finite* Creature satisfy for the *offences* against an *infinite* Creatour ? Or art thou able to endure the punishments of *Eternity* ? He that made thee without thee will not save thee without thee ; and what canst thou doe towards thy own Salvation ?

His Quietus est.

Prostrate thy self, my soul : Behold thy *miser*y, and bewail thy self ; renounce thy self, abhor thy self, flie to the Horns of the *Altar*, and call for the Promise of mercy, in which thou maist find comfort.

Ezek. 18. 21.

If the wicked shall turn from all his sins that he hath committed, and keep all my Statutes, and doe that which is lawful and right, he shall surely live, he shall not die.

His Proofs.

Acts 3. 19.

Repent ye therefore, and be converted, that your sins may be blotted out, when the times of refreshing shall come from the presence of the Lord.

2 Pet. 3. 9. The Lord is long-suffering towards us, not willing that any should perish, but that all should come to repentance.

Ezek. 33. 11.

As I live, saith the Lord, I have no pleasure in the death of the wicked, but that the wicked turn from his way, and live. Turn ye, turn ye from your evil waies, for why will ye die, O house of Israel?

S. Aug.

Lord, though I have done that for which thou mightest justly damn me, yet thou canst not lose that whereby thou maiest save me. Thou wilt not, sweet Jesus, so much remember thy justice against the sinner, as thy benignity towards thy Creature. Thou canst forget the insolence of the provoker, and wilt in mercy behold the misery of the invoker; for what is Jesus but a Saviour?

Anselm.

My sins plead against me, but my Saviour is my Advocate. It is much that my rebellions have deserved, but it is more that my Redeemer hath merited: so that though my flesh hath provoked thee to vengeance, yet the flesh of Christ can move thee to mercy.

His Soliloquie.

A N humble *Confidence* is the Mean betwixt the two *Extreams*, Presumption and Despair: That usurps God's *mercy* upon false grounds; this excludes it, and all means to it: The first takes away the sense of sin, the last blocks up the way to pardon. Take heed, O my dejected soul; plunge not thy self in that sad gulph, lest (wanting bottom) thou sink for ever; swim not with bladders, lest thou tire. Having fastned one eye upon the ugliness of thy sin, fix the other upon the merits of a Saviour: So when thou discoverest the *disease*, thy disease will discover a *remedy*. When the *fiery* Serpent hath stung thee, the *brazen* Serpent must heal thee. Nothing, O my soul, makes thy sin too great for mercy, but despair: this only excludes *Repentance*, and impenitence alone makes thee incapable of *Pardon*. He that hath promised forgiveness at thy *Repentance*, hath not promised repentance at thy pleasure. Hast therefore, O my soul, and reconcile thee to thy God to day, lest it should prove too late to morrow. Turn thy hand from thy present sin, and God will turn his eyes from thy past sin. Cry aloud and spare not, lest thy sin cry aloud, and he spare not. Let thy *Confession* find a tongue, and his *Compassion* will find an ear.

His Praier.

O God, that art in thy self most glorious, but in thy Son most gracious; to the rebellious terrible, but to the penitent merciful; I the work of thine own hands, but wholly disframed by mine own corruptions, humbly prostrate my sinful self before the footstool of thy Mercy-seat, totally miserable through my sins, but truly penitent for my offences. Lord, if thou shouldest proceed against me in thy justice, my portion would be no less then eternal death. But thy delight is rather to extend thy mercy in the conversion of a soul, then exercise thy justice in the confusion of a Sinner. Bow down therefore thy gracious ear to a poor wretch that stands trembling before the bar of thy Justice, and from thence presumes to appeal to the-seat of thy Mercy. I know, O God, mine iniquities are greater then my knowledge, but yet thy mercy is greater then mine iniquities: I know moreover that thou art more just, but in shewing thy mercy thy justice will be no looser. Lord, I am miserable, therefore a fit object for thy mercy; Lord, I am penitent, and therefore a proper subject for thy pity: for I know thou art a gracious God, of long-sufferance, and slow to anger, else had I now been roaring under thy Justice, that am here suing for thy Mercy. Lord, I acknowledge my transgressions, and my sin is ever before me; the number of them is innumerable, and

the burthen of them is intolerable. I have sinned against a just God, I have sinned against a gracious Father ; I therefore fly from thee as a sharp Revenger, and to thee as a sweet Redeemer. Remember not thy justice towards a Sinner, but think upon thy benignity towards thy Creature. Have respect to what thy Son hath done for me, and forget what my sins have done against me. Wash my guiltiness in his blood, and in the multitude of thy compassions behold the multitude of my transgressions. Pardon what is past, and arm me for the time to come ; that being purged from my sins, and cleansed from my offences, I may be clothed here with the robes of grace, and crowned hereafter with a crown of glory.

Incert.

*He that hath good thoughts, from him will flow
good words and good actions.*

Ambros.

*Thinkest thou that God, who gave thee Grace
to repent thee of thy Sins, will not pardon
them after thy Repentance?*

The

The Sinner's Thirst.

O, I that like the *Prodigal* had once the freedom of my Father's *Table*, could now be satisfied with the *crums* beneath it: I that could cloth me with change of Garments from my Father's *Wardrobe*, could now be thankful but for *rags* to hide my nakedness: I that forsook him like a disobedient son, would hold it now a happiness to be his meanest *servant*. What shall I doe? or whither shall I goe? By whose charity shall I subsist? My *weakness* will not give me leave to work; my *unworthiness* will not suffer me to appear; nor have I a friend to help me. I that have renounced my *Father*, have made my self no *son*; and being no son, how dare my boldness call him Father? I have offended him, and who shall reconcile us? I have grieved him, and who shall make my peace? I have forsaken him, and who shall restore me to him? Can I expect a *Blessing* from him I have offended? Can I presume of *favour* from him I have so grieved? Can I deserve a Birth-right from him I have forsaken? O my soul, how, how hast thou enslaved thy self, and lost that freedom without the enjoyment whereof thou art utterly lost? Thou hast lost that Father that was wont to *bless* thee: Thou hast lost that Lord that was pleased to

govern thee: Thou hast renounced that Saviour that *redeemed* thee; and only hast reserved a God to punish thee, a Judge to *sentence* thee: Thou hast lost those blessings by thy contempt which thou canst not regain with the price of thy *tears*: Thou hast quenched that Spirit whereby thou hadst the power to quench the fiery *darts* of Satan: Thou hast diverted the current of that *Fountain* whose water satisfied thy full desires. O my sad soul, how! how wert thou distempered, that couldst not relish that which nourished Angels into *immortality*! Why didst thou not inebriate thy self with that delicious *sweetness*, and ark it up like *Israel's Manna*, to remain with thee and the succeeding generations? O that mine eyes could teach those blessed *streams* to run, which my ungratefulness hath stopt! Or that my prayers could like *Elijah's* unlock the gates of Heaven, and bring down those celestial showers to slake my thirst, that I may drink my fill of that immortal *water*!

His Satisfying.

Take comfort, O my soul; thy God hath heard thy prayers, and crowned them with this promise,

Revel. 21. 6.

I will give to him that is athirst of the fountain of the water of life to drink freely.

His.

His Proofs.

Matt. 5. 6.

Blessed are they that hunger and thirst for
Righteousness sake; for they shall be filled.

John 4. 14.

But whosoever drinketh of this water that I
shall give him, shall never be more athirst;
but the water which I shall give him shall be
in him a water springing up into eternal life.

John 7. 37, 38.

If any many thirst, let him come unto me and
drink. He that believeth in me, out of his
belly shall flow rivers of living water.

Rev. 22. 17.

Let him that is athirst, come: and whosoever will,
let him take the water of life freely.

August: Soliloq. 35.

O fountain of life, and vein of living waters,
when shall I leave this forsaken, impassable,
and dry earth, and tast the waters of thy
sweetness, that I may behold thy vertue and
thy glory, and slake my thirst with the
streams of thy mercy? Lord, I thirst; thou
art the spring of life, satisfie me: I thirst,
Lord, I thirst after thee the living God.

Cyril. in Joh. cap. 10.

O precious water, which quencheth the noisome
thirst of this world, that scoureth all the stains
of sinners, that watereth the earth of our souls
with Heavenly showers, and bringeth back
the thirsty heart of man to his only God!

His

His Soliloquie.

IT is less danger to want then to be *un-
sensible* of thy wants. Dost thou want, my soul ?
desire : Dost thou desire ? ask : Dost thou ask ?
thou shalt receive, and what thou shalt re-
ceive shall satisfie thee. Be not troubled : if
thy wants cast thee down, let thy desires raise
thee up. Shall thy natural wants be confident
of supply from thy natural father, and shall
thy spiritual defects despair to be repaired
by thy spiritual Father ? How dost thou in-
jure *Providence*, O my distrustful soul ! How
dost thou wrong the God of mercy ! how
slight the God of truth ! He that hears the
cry of *Ravens*, and feeds them with a gracious
hand, will he be deaf to thee ? He that robes
the *Lilies* of the field, that neither sue nor care
to be apparrelled, will he deny thee those gra-
ces he hath commanded thee to ask ? Art thou
hungry ? he is the Bread of Life : Art thou
thirsty ? he is the Water of Life : Art thou
naked ? fly to him, and he will give thee the
righteousness of his own Son. Build upon his
Promise, who is Truth it self : Rely upon his
Mercy, who is Goodness it self. Art thou a
Prodigal ? yet remember thou art a *Son* : Is
he offended ? He will not forget he is a *Fa-
ther*. Come therefore with a filial boldness,
and he will grant thy heart's desire.

His Praier.

O God that art the well-spring of all Grace, and the fountain of all Goodness, whose promises are faithful, and whose word is truth, who hearest the sighing of a contrite heart, and healest the ruptures of an humble spirit; I here invited by thy mercies and thy gracious commands, prostrate my self before thee, and present unto thee the sad petitions of a pensive breast. I have sinned, O Lord, I have sinned against Heaven and against thee, and am no longer worthy to be called thy Son. I have cast off the yoke of my obedience; I have broken the bands of thy Covenant, and cast them far from me. I have sinned against thy mercies, and spurn'd against thy judgements: Thy judgments have neither terrified, nor thy mercies mollified me. But I acknowledge my transgressions, and my sins are ever before me. Remember not the frailties of my youth, O God, nor the follies of my elder daies. Remember not how I have forgotten thee; Remember not how I have forsaken thee. Close thou thine eyes at my rebellion, and open thine ears at my repentance. Be merciful, O God, at my contrition: A broken heart, O God, thou wilt not despise. Renew me according to the abundance of thy mercies, and restore me to the joy of thy salvation. Establish my heart in the love of thy truth, and increase in me a Spiritual Thirst. Make me to under-

stand the way of thy Precepts, and let thy Testimonies be my whole delight. As the Hart panteth after the water-brooks, so my soul longeth for the Wel-springs of Life. Lord, thou hast promised to answer those that call unto thee, to be found by those that seek unto thee; and satisfie those that thirst after thee: make good thy word, O God, and hear my Praier; make good thy promise, Lord, and be not far from me. I have sought thee in thy promise, let me find thee in thy performance; I have thirsted for thy grace, O fill me with thy goodness. Open thy Wel-springs, that I may drink freely of the waters of life; that my soul being satisfied in the fulness of thy pleasures, my mouth may be filled with the sound of thy praises; that here magnifying thy Name in the Kingdom of Grace, I may reign with thee hereafter in the Kingdom of Glory.

S. Ambros.

None can take Christ from thee, unless thou take him from thyself.

Isa. 55. 1.

Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters; and he that hath no money, come ye, buy and eat: yea come, buy wine and milk without money, and without price.

The Good man's Distrust.

When I consider the *All-sufficiency* of my God, I dare not question the performance of his *promises*; but when I behold the *insufficiency* of my self, I cannot but fear the promises of his *performance*. When I behold in him the goodness of a Father, my heart grows confident, and I cannot fear; but when I find in me the disobedience of a Son, my soul grows conscious, and I dare not hope. When I dive into the depth of my own *Misery*, I search further, and find a greater depth of his *Mercy*, and am secure; but when I find the freeness of his *mercy* requited with the wilfulness of my *rebellion*, O then my soul despairs, and thus destroys the *grounds* of all my comfort. He invites my laden soul to come, and offers *rest*: Alas! I come, and yet my laden soul can find no *ease*. He promises eternal life to my belief; but yet he gives me not the power to believe. He bids me in his name propound my wants, with promise of supply; and yet I sue, and sue, and still I sue in vain. He promises a Comforter to strengthen my remembrance; yet still my treacherous memory fails me. He promises to be a father to the fatherless; yet still my wants perswade me that I want a father. He promises audience in my time of trouble; and yet I call unheard, and mourn without redress, He promises forgive-
ness

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ness to the true repentant; but who shall give me power to repent? He promises to gather me in mercy, though a while forsaken; yet I have long expected, with a frustrate expectation. He promises an exaltation to him that is humbled; yet my dejected heart is still supprest. He promised freedom from the second death to him that conquers; I strive to overcome, yet feel a hell. His promise was to guard his Vineyard, and to dress it; yet Foxes destroy it, and the wild Bore supplants it. He promised comfort to all those that mourn; and yet I mourn without a comforter. He promised that the woman's seed should break the Serpent's head; and yet the Serpent never was more strong. He bid me seek, and I should find; and yet, alas! I seek, but can find nothing but my wants. He calls them Blessed that suffer for his Name; yet who more miserable? He promises the springs of life to him that thirsts; and yet I thirst to death. My soul, what are his promises to thee, that art not able to perform those hard conditions that give thee interest in those promises?

His Satisfaction.

Chear up, my soul, and what thou canst not doe, endeavour. He that accepts the *will* for the *deed*, is in his promise Yea and Amen.

Mark 13. 31.

Heaven and earth shall pass away, but not one tittle of my word.

His

His Proofs.

1 Kings 8. 56.

Blessed be the Lord that hath given rest unto his people, according unto all that he hath promised. There hath not failed one word of all his good promises which he hath promised.

2 Cor. 1. 20.

For all the promises of God in him are Yea, and in him Amen.

2 Kings 10. 10.

Know then, that there shall fall to the ground nothing of the word of the Lord.

Psal. 119. 89.

For ever, O Lord, thy word is settled in heaven.

Author Scalæ Parad. tom. 9. Aug. c. 8.

Fear not, O Bride, nor despair: think not thy self contemned if thy Bride-groom withdraw his face awhile. All things co-operate for the best: both from his absence and his presence thou gainest light. He cometh to thee, and goeth from thee: he cometh to make thee console; he goeth to make thee cautious, lest thy abundant consolation puff thee up: he cometh, that thy languishing soul may be comforted; he goeth, lest his familiarity should be contemned, and being absent to be more desired, and being desired to be more earnestly sought, and being long sought to be more acceptably found.

His

His Soliloquie.

WILT thou never, O my distrustful soul, submit thy will unto his will that made thee? Must his goodness be alwaies the *circumference* of thy desires, and thy pleasure still the *centre*? Is it not enough that *Yea* and *Amen* hath promised the *substance* of thy happiness, but must thou bind him to thy *circumstances*? Shall the power of an infinite *Creatour* be confined to the pleasure of a finite *creature*? Stand not in thine own light, my soul; the *Independance* of thy exorbitant desires shuts the door upon that *happiness* thou desirest. Art thou covetous of a *bleſſing* before thou art qualified to receive it? He that intends thee a *Kingdom*, will first make thee capable of a Kingdom. Thou that shalt be a *gainer* by his favour, shalt be no *looser* by his delay. Canst thou hope to be filled with the water of life, not first purged with the fire of affliction? How often hast thou murmured for that, which if enjoyed had been thy ruine? God hath promised, but hath delaied performance, to exercise thy *patience*. He hath decreed, but yet forbears, to rectifie thy *faith*. If *faith* be able to remove mountains, endeavour to remove thy infidelity. Endure, hope, believe; and he that comes will come, and will not tarry. O my soul, as nothing hinders the performance of his promise but distrust, so nothing hastens the promise of his performance but thy praier.

His

His Prayer.

O God, that art all-sufficient in thy self, all-gracious in thy Son, most absolute in thy purposes, and most faithful in thy promises; I, the miserable object of thy mercy, here humbly present my self before thee, the merciful beholder of my misery. Lord, wherein have I to trust but in thy mercies? and where-upon have I to build but on thy promises? Every sin is full of death, and every action is full of sin; insomuch that my whole life is nothing but a continued rebellion against thee: But, O my God, thy goodness is like thy self, infinite; and thy mercy is past my comprehending. Thou knowest that I am evil, and wholly evil, and that continually. Thou knowest I am but dust and ashes, and the very off-spring of corruption, and thy glory is no less magnified in my confusion then in my salvation. But, Lord, thou art a gracious God, and takest no pleasure in the death of a distressed sinner. Thy mercy is over all thy works, and thy goodness is from Generation to Generation. When I was in open rebellion against thee, thou reconciledst thy self to me; when I was utterly lost, thou redeemedst me with the innocent blood of thy dear Son; and being redeemed, thou hast sanctified me with the freeness of thy Spirit. Thou hast raised me by thy power, and strengthened me by thy promises. What shall I return thee, O my God,
for

for what kind of recompence can dust and ashes make thee? My tongue shall sing the wonders of thy goodness, and praise thy Name for ever and ever. Continue, O Lord, thy mercies to me, and visit me according to thy wonted kindness. Give me a wise heart, that I may give respect unto all thy commandments, and a full confidence in all thy promises. Quicken my hope in the expectation of thy performance, and give me patience till then to attend thy leisure. Lord, where I cannot understand, O teach me to wonder: and what I cannot doe, give me power to believe. Let not the apparition of mine own corruptions plunge me in despair, nor yet the sense of thy indulgent love give me occasion to presume; that living here in the expectation of thy Truth, my hopes may be perfected into the glory of thy Name.

Philip. 2. 12.

Work out your own salvation with fear and trembling.

Mat. 24. 46.

Blessed is that servant, whom his Lord when he cometh shall find so doing.

THE END.

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